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A LOST FORCE: M. JOSEPH CAILLAUX

By STEPHANE LAUZANNE

THERE is something tragic in the destiny of M. Joseph Caillaux, and to trace his picture faithfully, it would be necessary to call upon the genius of a Sophocles.

Here we have a man who had in his favor youth—he is still a comparatively young man—fortune, renown, a remarkable intelligence, and a name respected and loved in France by all who were for order and Republican traditions. He also possessed an extraordinary capacity for work. In short he had everything to be happy and popular, and to have a brilliant political career. Yet, he is the most unhappy, the most hated of all men in France. His name is pronounced with affection by the partisans of anarchy and disorder only. His career is but a suite of drama and ruin. He has been ostracised in his own country and has become a sort of pariah. What mysterious fatality, then, has been conjured upon him? It is that that I would like to discover in an unbiased manner, without hate or passion.

Let us first consider his past—that is, the tragedy of his existence.

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M. Joseph Caillaux made his political debut with the dawn of the present century, in 1900. He made his first bow under the wing of one of the greatest statesmen of the Third Republic, Waldeck-Rousseau. He entered public life as Minister of Finance. His father, who had been a member of the Government headed by Marshall MacMahon, was most moderate and conservative in his policies. He had himself been brought up in a bourgeois family, and was considered by all to be both conservative and moderate. All Frenchmen, therefore, who stood for moderation and conservatism, were glad to see him in the public eye. And, it may be said, that during the two years that he administered the finances of the nation under the Premiership of Waldeck-Rousseau, he gave not even the slightest indication that he would one day turn his back on these principles.

It was only four or five years later that he showed his true character—that of a radical, breaking loose from former traditions. A grave fiscal problem faced the French Government; should it or should it not adopt the income tax? M. Caillaux had long studied the system in vogue in England and in the United States; and he was seducted by the theoretic justice of the tax on incomes. He pronounced himself strongly in favor of applying it in France. But, in France, a great majority were against the income tax. France is a country, which, in the matter of taxes, has a very particular spirit. There is perhaps no better taxpayer in the entire world than the French bourgeois. He grumbles a bit, it is true, but he always pays. He even pays with better grace if what he must pay is dissimulated; and that is why indirect taxation is so successful in France. He evens pays more voluntarily if he isn't worried, if his private business isn't meddled with, if no one endeavors to gauge his fortune. One formality in particular went against his grain in the application of the income tax—the necessity of declaring his income. In France, a father does not even tell his son the amount of his income, nor do brothers confide this matter to each other; it can therefore

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be very well imagined that a Frenchman has no desire to confide it to the Government. Three-fourths of France therefore rose in anger against the application of the income tax.

M. Caillaux's fault lay not in the fact that he presented and defended an unpopular law: it is the duty of every statesman to brave unpopularity, when he considers a reform just! His fault lay in the fact that he presented the income tax without consideration for the feelings of those he offended. He presented it aggressively—brutally almost. The demagogues and the Socialists acclaimed him wildly. "At last!" Jaurés exclaimed, "We shall have a census of fortunes in France." And, in the mouths of Socialists, the word "census" is a mere camouflage of the word "confiscation." On the other hand, the middle-class, the peasantry, and all who possessed small fortunes—the majority in France—were afraid. All looked askance at the young leader, who, although he himself possessed a comfortable income, menaced the incomes of others. Everyone felt anxious or angry with this conservative who had suddenly become the idol of the radicals. He was called *"the plutocratic demagogue."* And this was the first falling out that M. Caillaux had with public opinion in France.

Another misunderstanding—more grave this time—occurred. M. Caillaux had been Minister of Finance under several Premiers, notably under M. Clemenceau, who used to say, "I have two Ministers with whom I can do nothing: one is Briand, and the other is Caillaux. One thinks he is Christ; and the other thinks himself Napoleon." In 1911, M. Caillaux became Premier. Suddenly, he found himself face to face with one of the gravest crises that France had experienced before the war—that of Morocco. Eight days after the new Premier had come into power, the Kaiser sent the "Panther" to Agadir. It was a warning and a menace at the same time. It was necessary to negotiate with Germany—a negotiation that was arduous, painful, and replete with thorny difficulties.

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M. Caillaux showed himself to be resolute, active and courageous. He maintained the cause of France and disputed every step. But, instead of negotiating with Germany through the usual channel, that is, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, and through the duly accredited ambassadors, he negotiated through his own agents: a business-man by the name of Fondere; an advertising man by the name of Alphonse Lenoir; and a banker named Spitzer. When this was aired it caused some scandal.

I remember how one evening, in August, 1911, I personally called M. Caillaux's attention to the emotion engendered by his use of such strange negotiators.

"I am working in the best interests of peace and of my country," he replied rather harshly. "I have the right to choose the instruments I think best suited to the purpose."

And, at the same time, the Quai d'Orsay, ignoring everything, continued its negotiations through the usual diplomatic channels. Disastrous in itself this state of affairs proved to be even more disastrous in that it created an incident of extreme gravity, that later weighed heavily on the political career of M. Caillaux, affecting his very destiny.

For many years, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs had been in possession of the secret code used by the German diplomatic service. When a telegram was therefore sent by the German Embassy in Paris to the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin, the Quai d'Orsay knew its contents at once, just as if the message had been written out plainly. It was of incalculable advantage to French diplomacy, as it was thus able to see all the cards. One day, in the course of a secret conference with Germany, through the agency of his financiers, M. Caillaux, either negligently or in a moment of forgetfulness, exclaimed; "Why should Germany refuse me this concession? I know that the German Government has already instructed its Ambassadors to grant it." It was a bad slip, as he thus showed that he had deciphered the correspondence that had been going on between Wilhelmstrasse and the German Embassy in Paris.

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The repercussion was terrible. First of all, Germany naturally changed the code, and the Quai d'Orsay lost an important advantage. Then, all Frenchmen who were aware of this incident were logically indignant, accusing M. Caillaux of having, through his carelessness, compromised one of the most important of his country's defenses.

This was the second misunderstanding to occur between M. Caillaux and his countrymen. And, the consequence of this misunderstanding was tragic indeed.

Among the men who were aware of all the details regarding the arduous negotiations of 1911, and particularly the code incident, were M. Gaston Calmette, managing editor of the *Figaro*. When, in the spring of 1914, M. Caillaux came into power for the third time as Minister of Finance in a cabinet presided over by M. Doumergue, Calmette and the *Figaro* opened a violent campaign against him. We know how it ended—in blood.

One evening in March, 1914, as M. Caillaux entered his office in the Ministry of Finance, the telephone bell rang. He took up the receiver and heard this terribly laconic message: "Monsieur le Ministre, your wife has just killed Calmette."

Calmette died several hours after he had been shot by Mme. Caillaux, Caillaux was obliged to resign, and Mme. Caillaux, arrested, was tried and acquitted. . . . That is common history. But what is less known, is that on Calmette's body were found several secret documents on green paper—the very documents that established the fact that M. Caillaux had by his imprudence apprised Germany of France's knowledge of her diplomatic code.

Six days after Mme. Caillaux had been acquitted, in July 1914, another drama surged upon the world stage—a drama that has left the peoples of the earth panting with exhaustion—the Great War. In the immensity of the drama that unrolled itself, the Caillaux case would have been easily forgotten. It was enough that M. Caillaux secluded himself and kept quiet. But, it had never been in M. Caillaux's

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nature to remain in seclusion and hold his peace. A sort of fatality has ever pushed him to seek the limelight, and the noise of crowds. He had ever wanted to advance the hands of the clock of destiny and sound his own hour. And, as every time, instead of rising to the surface he engulfed himself more and more.

In the midst of the War, he gave rise to all sorts of unpleasant incidents, as in Paris, where he sported the uniform of Army paymaster on the Grands Boulevards; at Vichy where he went for the season; and in Argentina, where he was sent on an official mission. But, the drop that caused the cup, already full of boiling water, to overflow, was his trip to Italy.

In December, 1916, M. Caillaux, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Rome; and there, at the most critical moment of the War, spoke in such a manner to the Italian statesmen that M. Aristide Briand, then Premier of France, who is one of the most indulgent and conciliant of men, was forced to send the following telegram to the French Ambassador at Rome; Christmas night:—

Paris, December 25, 1916.

"I beg you to inform M. Sonnino that M. Caillaux is in no way authorized to speak in any manner in the name of the Government, Parliament, or French opinion. If what you have been informed with regard to his statements is true, they strictly represent his own personal opinion, and should what he said be known in France, it is certain to cause general reprobation."

Signed: *Aristide Briand.*

The effect was tragic indeed. M. Caillaux, according to what was later brought out as his trial before the Supreme Court, had declared that France could not continue the War after the Spring of 1917, and that France ought to conclude first peace and then an alliance with Germany. In the proposed peace treaty, M. Caillaux was ready to sacrifice to Germany those heroic little nations, who like Serbia fought in defense of their liberty.

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A second telegram sent out on December 26, 1916, was even more energetic. M. Briand advised the French Ambassador at Rome to tell the Italian Government *"that it is free to act as it sees fit with regard to M. Caillaux,"* that is, free to arrest him; and that if rigorous measures were to be taken against him, his papers were to be confiscated. If M. Caillaux was ready to deliver the Allies of France into the hands of Germany, M. Briand was ready to deliver M. Caillaux to Italy. Italy confiscated all of M. Caillaux's papers which the latter had placed in a safety vault in Florence, and put them at the disposal of France.

Two of these papers have since become famous, as these, as much as the statements he made in Rome, caused his condemnation by the Senate sitting as the Supreme Court of France. These two papers in M. Caillaux's handwriting, were entitled, respectively, *"The Rubicon"* and *"The Suspects."* Those at least were the titles given them by M. Caillaux when he edited them in the course of a rather singular hour of meditation.

"The Rubicon" was nothing more nor less than a project to overthrow the legal Government. The author endeavored to show how, with the aid of several Corsican regiments, he figured on overthrowing the existing Government established by the Constitution, and with several friends assume the dictatorship. The list of "Suspects" comprised the names of men in the public eye, politicians, members of Parliament, newspaper managers, whom it would be necessary to arrest or exile.

In self defence, M. Caillaux claimed that these documents were but the result of his intimate dreams, which he had put on paper; and that no one had any more right to question him regarding these than regarding the intimate thoughts inscribed in his brain.

I don't know what opinion a free country like America would hold in this regard; but I imagine that if the Attorney-General of the United States were to be presented with documents conceived and written by an American politician,

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in which he proposed the sending of troops against Washington, the overthrow of the Government established by the Constitution, and his assumption of absolute power, he would certainly set the wheels of justice in motion. This is exactly what the French Government did in 1917.

Before the Chamber of Deputies, as before the Supreme Court, M. Caillaux defended himself with extraordinary eloquence and ability, winning even the admiration of his judges. He complained that he had been the victim of snares that were ceaselessly placed in his path; the people who came to see him in Italy, and made him talk, were snares; adventurers like Bolo and Almeyreda who followed in his wake were snares; he had been trapped like a wild thing of the woods adventuring innocently along unknown paths.

"I may have," he exclaimed, "sinned unthinkingly, by a sort of aristocratic disdain with which I am often reproached, quite reasonably at times. But I have sinned more often through an excess of confidence and generosity. Do you think it mere chance that so many adventurers have converged towards me?"

As for his policy, he claimed ever to have leaned on the side of peace. What he desired was universal peace—peace for humanity. His formula was exactly that of President Wilson: "No annexation! No War Indemnities! And the right of self-determination for all peoples!"

Yet, by a small majority, the Supreme Court found him guilty, and condemned him to three years in prison, a ten years' suspension of his civic rights, and interdiction of residence for a period of five years. The suspension of his civic rights deprived him of his right to vote and to hold office; and the interdiction of residence forbid his living in Paris and several other large cities in France.

Several days after the verdict, M. Caillaux was liberated, having been in prison for almost three years. But he now leads a miserable existence. Every time that he shows himself in public, he is certain to be ill-treated and insulted. He

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is always certain to find in his path a former soldier or the mother of a soldier who had made the supreme sacrifice for his country, who shower reproaches on his head. A cruel sunset indeed, for an existence that might have been proud and triumphant!

Thus runs the story of M. Caillaux's past.

I have given some space to this past, first because it helps one better to understand M. Caillaux's character, and again because it may help to prognosticate his future. The best means at hand to foretell the future has ever been the study of the past.

All may thus study M. Caillaux's character in the lines traced above. He is a man of exceptional ability and of exceptional faults. He is possessed of real courage; but this courage has ever pushed him to rub popular sentiment or the nation the wrong way. He is possessed of a remarkable intelligence; but his intelligence had never stood him in good stead when danger threatened. He is certainly honest; but he has ever surrounded himself with some of the worst adventurers and rascals on earth. Above all, he is possessed of a febrile impulsivity and a morbidness that causes him to lend an ear to the latest speaker, being unable to discern truth from lies and flattery.

I had the opportunity of judging him myself one tragic evening in the summer of 1911, when France was within an inch of war. I came to see him, as I had come to see him every evening, at his office, where I found him nervous, agitated and anxious.

"May I," I inquired, "Ask you the trouble?"

"You may," he replied, and handing me a paper, he exclaimed tersely, "Read this . . ."

It was an alarming report on the military situation of France. The writer pointed out that the troops which were at the time executing a series of manoeuvres in the East, were not well trained, that the war material was bad, that the aviation of the country was mere child's play, and briefly that, if war broke out, France would surely be defeated.

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"Who sent you that?" I asked. "Does it come from General Headquarters or from some high military authority?"

"No," he replied, "It has been sent to me anonymously. Don't you consider it rather disquieting?"

That was, and that is Caillaux. He was then Premier, having at his beck and call every possible source of information, and every power of investigation; yet he believed an anonymous communication. An anonymous letter was enough to shake his judgment and trouble his calm!

He seems to suffer from the mania of persecution. His great leit-motif is that he is surrounded by enemies. He has, in fact, a most implacable enemy—*himself*. Here we have the enemy that caused his downfall. It is this enemy that has kept him from getting to his feet once more after the peripetics of his career and the tragedies in which he figured. It is the enemy that will keep him from coming to the surface to-morrow.

Those who predict that M. Caillaux will soon play an important part in the destinies of France, know neither M. Caillaux nor France. They first forget that the Supreme Court has suspended M. Caillaux's civic rights for a period of ten years, which means that he can neither vote nor hold office before 1930. They also forget that even if France is at times fickle in her affections, she is less so in her antipahties. When a man is popular in France, it is seldom for very long; but, once he becomes unpopular, he often remains so as long as he lives. They forget, above all, that M. Caillaux has, for a democracy, one of the gravest of all faults, that of causing it to fear for its safety. Democracies often allow themselves to be fooled, and even violated—but never forgive those who alarm them. And M. Caillaux is alarming because of his lack of ponderation. He is like a powerful locomotive without brakes. One never knows what he is liable to do! He has already derailed several times—and there is nothing that people fear more than to travel in a train with an unreliable locomotive.

A characteristic sign of this fear was recently remarked

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at Marseilles in the course of a meeting of advanced liberals. M. Caillaux is a member of this party. It is composed of proved partisans of M. Caillaux. Several friends proposed the organization of a campaign throughout France to protest against his condemnation and to prove that his policies during the war were sound. But M. Herriot, Mayor of Lyons, who today heads the party, put his hand down on this proposition.

"You may protest against his condemnation as much as you wish," he declared, "but we must never accept his policies. I make all reservations in his regard; I can never agree with his '*Rubicon*'!"

The congress ranged itself on the side of M. Herriot, almost unanimously. And, if the old stalwarts of M. Caillaux themselves repudiate the policies of their erstwhile chief, who will support him?

No! M. Caillaux will not come back to power in France, neither tomorrow, or after tomorrow. God only has the right to say *never*. M. Caillaux is one of the innumerable forces that lose themselves in the universe. And, all lost forces are not always the best.

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OLD BURDEN

By KAY BOYLE

Laid fingers upon a thought as it sped past me—
This, finally, that the thing comes clear
Under the hot quilt of night. Blood red on the tree
Of birth and long conception. Drawing near
To the white marble of fact, and the harsh sting
Of concrete hands on spirit hands.

In the short breath of noon I do not know the thing.
It is something that darkness cleaves and understands.
It is something I can feel with my fingertips.
It is not a thought and it is not the touch of lips.

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THE LESSON OF LAUSANNE

By CLAIR PRICE

A GOLDEN opportunity to establish peace in the Near East after the Mudros armistice of 1918, was lost by the mistake of permitting the Greek Army to occupy Smyrna. That mistake has now been rectified and the Mudania armistice of 1922 affords us a second opportunity to establish Near Eastern peace. The Lausanne Conference which is entering its second week as this article is written, again brings Great Britain and Turkey together, this time in the persons of Lord Curzon and Ismet Pasha.

The dictation of peace to a defeated enemy, which constituted the opportunity of 1918, is now no longer possible. The question mark which hangs over Lausanne today is the possibility of a negotiated peace, and that possibility may be judged by the setting down of such evidence as is available respecting the British and Turkish programs at the Conference. When this article sees print, the Conference itself may have broken up but the Anglo-Turkish contact which it has afforded, is apt to prove of more enduring interest.

It is a simpler matter to state Ismet Pasha's program at Lausanne then Lord Curzon's. Such evidence as we have regarding the latter's program, must be gleaned in large part from the Near and Middle Eastern policy of Mr. Lloyd George's Government of which Lord Curzon was a member. Mr. Lloyd George has fallen but Lord Curzon has survived and Mr. Bonar Law's Government has apparently restored him to that control of the Foreign Office which he was never permitted to exercise under the Coalition. For the time being, it seems necessary to assume that, stripped of Mr. Lloyd George's public indiscretions, the

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late Coalition's Near and Middle Eastern policy still lives under the new Conservative Government in Lord Curzon.

With Ismet Pasha, the case is different. His Government's professed program at Lausanne is embodied in the Turkish National Pact and, unlike the statements of Allied policy to which Lord Curzon has affixed his signature from time to time, the Pact has undergone no change since it was first adopted and publicly proclaimed by the old Ottoman Chamber in Constanipole on January 28, 1920. Mustapha Kemal Pasha at Angora has told me, as he has told other Americans, that "the Pact represented our program when we were weak and, now that we are strong, it still represents our program; we can ratify no treaty of peace which does not realize the Pact." Thus the Pact takes on something of the status of an ultimatum and makes the Lausanne Conference so delicate an affair that thus far both Lord Curzon and Ismet Pasha have steadfastly refrained from any opening of the closet door which might reveal the skeleton within. Thus far, both the British and Turkish delegates have purposefully refrained from any mention of the Pact. As the second week of the Conference opens, Lausanne is still a quiet Swiss watering place from whose Palace hotel the flags of five nations whip out in the wind that sweeps across Lake Leman, and the pleasant surface of its scene conveys no inkling of the fact that our world has fallen apart into two halves.

Article 4 of the Pact reads as follows: "The security of the city of Constantinople * * * and of the Sea of Marmora must be protected from every danger. Provided this principle is maintained, whatever decision may be arrived at jointly by us and all other Governments concerned, regarding the opening of the Bosphorus to the commerce and traffic of the world, is valid." Article 5 of the Russo-Turkish Treaty of March 16, 1921, stipulates that, "with a view to guaranteeing the freedom of the Straits and their free passage for commercial purposes of all countries, both parties agree to entrust to a special conference, com-

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posed of the delegates from all the Black Sea States, the drafting of a definitive and international statute of the Black Sea and the Straits, on condition that its decisions shall not prejudice the absolute sovereignty and the safety of Turkey and of her capital, Constantinople." The same clause, word for word, was carried over as an agreement between Turkey and Soviet Georgia into the Treaty of Kars, signed October 13, 1921, in which it constitutes Article 9. It was also carried over, word for word, as Article 4 of the Turko-Ukrainian Treaty which was signed at Angora on January 2, 1922.

From the various dates on which these statements were signed, none of them has undergone revision, and Soviet Russia's note of last October 1st to Lord Curzon, indicates the tenacity with which Russia, as the principal Black Sea State, still adheres to the program for the Straits which is laid down in the Turkish National Pact:

"The blockade of the Straits declared today," says the Russian note, "is fresh evidence that the Powers, for whom navigation in the Black Sea has no vital concern, but who, thanks to their armed forces, exercise control over the Straits, would always be able to menace the peaceful economic life of the States bordering the Black Sea. The freedom of the Straits, on behalf of which Europe is preparing again to shed blood, only signifies freedom for the Entente Powers to blockade at any moment and under any pretext the Straits, and thus cut off the whole Black Sea from the rest of the world. The Russian Government stands for the freedom of the Straits, but for a freedom which is confined to merchant vessels, and which would liberate completely both the Straits and the Black Sea from the presence of foreign naval forces. Great Britian and her Allies do not see their maritime routes of vital interest cut as the result of the blockade of the Straits. Such a blockade could have no effect on their economic life, but it upsets the economic life of the States bordering upon the Black Sea. Only a total indifference to the interests of these States

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can explain the levity with which the British authorities are acting in waters and toward territories which do not belong to them."

To this program of opening the Straits to the world's commerce and closing them to the world's naval forces, Ismet Pasha's Government is committed in common with the other Black Sea Governments, except Rumania. Thus far, efforts to dissolve the Russo-Turkish agreement on the subject of the Straits have not been successful. The Russians refused at Genoa to break off with Turkey, Angora reserved its reply to the invitation to join the League of Nations which the Allied Peace Note of September 23rd conveyed, and attempts at Lausanne to raise the question of future Russo-Turkish relations have thus far drawn no reply from Ismet Pasha.

Meanwhile, what is Lord Curzon's program respecting the Straits?

In a brief survey of Lausanne such as the present article, the French and Italian programs are being passed over. No program at Lausanne is of more than academic interest, unless it is backed by both the ability and the disposition to impose it, if necessary. In this connection, it must be recalled that the Franco-Turkish Agreement of October 20, 1921, was concluded by the plenipotentiaries of "The Government of the Grand National Assembly of Turkey" and "The Government of the French Republic," and that Article 1 of that Agreement reads as follows: "The High Contracting Parties declare that from the signature of the present Agreement, the state of war shall cease between them. * * * " Nor is there any doubt respecting the attitude of the Italian Government toward the use of the Greek Army against Turkey. It seems therefore justifiable to limit our consideration of the Allied program at Lausanne to the British program.

Shortly after the Mudros armistice was signed in 1918, the British command in Constantinople disposed of a single front which, in Denikin's and Kolchak's rear, extended from

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Constantinople itself across Trans-Caucasia and the Caspian to Askabad and the Mery oasis at the back of Afghanistan in Central Asia. In the rear of this remarkable front, British control officers commanded all the ports and railways of Asia Minor, British armies occupied the Arab lands of the old Ottoman Empire south of Asia Minor, and Persia which was occupied by three British forces (the North Persia Force, the East Persia Cordon and the South Persia Rifles) and whose Government was supported by monthly British payments, signed the Anglo-Persian Agreement of 1919 providing for the permanent appointment of British advisers in the Persian Ministries. Here was a vast British adventure which was to hold Russia back, while the frontiers of British India were fetched to Batum on the Black Sea and to Haife on the Mediterranean, and the Sevres Treaty of 1920 accordingly proposed to make over the Straits to an International Commission from which both Russia and Turkey were to be excluded until such time as they had been admitted to the League of Nations. But the Turks, who in 1918 had been tamely waiting for the Sevres Treaty, had been stung from their quiescence by the Greek occupation of Smyrna in 1919, and when the Sevres Treaty was finally handed them in 1920, it was too late.

Today, the great British adventure of 1918, 1919 and 1920, has crumbled away to the present hold upon the Straits, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Russia has burst the barrier of the Caucasian Range and has drawn its own treaties and its own frontiers with Turkey and Persia. The broad neutral zones by which the Sevres Treaty proposed in 1920 to fence off the Straits from Russia and Turkey alike, have dwindled in the Mudania armistice of 1922 to four small zones which may be roughly described as the Constantinople, Ismid and Gallipoli peninsulas and the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles.

To the end of his tenure of office, Mr. Lloyd George insisted that the defence of the freedom of the Straits should

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be left to the League of Nations, although the League, as at present constituted, disposes of no obvious military force for defensive or any other purposes. Nor did Mr. Lloyd George on any occasion define what he meant by the freedom of the Straits, despite the fact that Turkey, ever since the adoption of the Pact in 1920, and Russia, ever since the signature of the Russo-Turkish Treaty in 1921, have defined the phrase as applicable in the widest sense to merchant vessels and to merchant vessels only. Mr. Lloyd George's Government has fallen and Lord Curzon has escaped its wreck to continue in office under a Conservative Government. Has the Lloyd Georgian program for the Straits, as adhered to by Lord Curzon, been disturbed in Lord Curzon's mind during the process of dodging the fate which whelmed the Coalition? The answer may be found in two quarters.

On September 23rd last, Lord Curzon affixed his signature to the Allied Peace Note which proposed to "assure effectively under the League of Nations maintenance of the freedom of the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus." For further light on Lord Curzon's program respecting the Straits, if further light is needed, we may consult his first week's work at Lausanne.

The history of the Straits has shown repeatedly that it is practically impossible to force them from the sea, but that they may be forced by a land attack from Europe. The Mudania armistice returned Eastern Thrace to Turkey and Article 3 of the Turkish National Pact stipulates that "the determination of the judicial status of Western Thrace also, which has been made dependent on the Turkish peace, must be effected in accordance with the votes which shall be given by the inhabitants in complete freedom." Here Turkey seeks a securely defendable European frontier for Constantinople and the Straits, but the Maritza frontier in which Lord Curzon has concurred during his first week at Lausanne, leaves Adrianople, the buttress of Turkey's European frontier, deprived of secure railway communication

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with Constantinople, it leaves the western forts of the Adrianople ring in Greek hands, and it leaves the Greek Army separated from the Turkish civil administration in Eastern Thrace by a demilitarized zone only gun-range wide.

The Greek occupation of Smyrna in 1919 and the Turco-Greek war which ensued upon it, has deposited a mutual hatred in the hearts of Turks and Greeks alike, of such heat that at least a generation will be required for its cooling. That occupation lost the golden opportunity which the Mudros armistice of 1918 had afforded for the establishment of peace in the Near East, and the Maritza frontier in which Lord Curzon has concurred at Lausanne makes it difficult to retain hope that the new opportunity afforded us by the Mudania armistice of 1922 is not to be lost in a similar fashion. The mutual hatred of Turks and Greeks is apparently to be kept heated by the inevitable friction of a common frontier, and one begins to doubt whether the terms of a real and permanent peace in the Near East will ever be concurred in by any British statesman whose memories are those of India and the great adventure of 1918, 1919 and 1920.

I have dealt so far with the problem of the Straits by way of pointing out the distance which apparently separates Lord Curzon and Ismet Pasha on this crucial point in Lausanne's agenda. In the brief length of this article, I can only touch upon the British and Turkish programs respecting two other points of equal importance which, at this writing, remain to be dealt with at Lausanne.

Article 6 of the Turkish National Pact reads as follows: "It is a fundamental condition of our life and continued existence that we, like every country, should enjoy complete independence and liberty in the matter of assuring the means of our development, in order that our national and economic development should be rendered possible and that it should be possible to conduct affairs in the form of a more up-to-date regular administration. For this reason

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we are opposed to restrictions inimical to our development in political, judicial, financial and other matters. * * *" Article 7 of the Russo-Turkish Treaty records Russia's concurrence in this section of the Pact: "The Government of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic considers the capitulatory regime to be incompatible with the free national development, and with the sovereignty of any country, and it regards all the rights and acts relating in any way to this regime as annulled and abrogated." The same provision is carried over as Article 3 in the Treaty of Kars, as an agreement between Turkey and the Soviet Governments of Armenia, Azerbaijan and Georgia; and Article 9 of the Turco-Ukrainian Treaty reads as follows: "The Ukraine agrees to adopt entirely the agreement laid down in Article 7 of the Turco-Russian Treaty of March 16, 1921, and in Article 3 of the Treaty of Kars of October 13, 1921, respecting the abrogation of the capitulatory regime."

These agreements define Ismet Pasha's program respecting the capitulatory regime, which gave foreigners in the old Ottoman Empire a sort of diplomatic status. Our only clue to Lord Curzon's program is to be found in the Allied Peace Note of March 26th last, which thus refers to the capitulations: "In respect to the existing capitulatory system, the three Ministers are anxious to accord to Turkey the largest measure of economic independence consistent with the due protection of the interests of the nationals of their respective countries. For this purpose they are prepared to set up at Constantinople within three months from the coming into force of the treaty of peace a Commission composed of representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, and of Turkey, to prepare, with the assistance of technical experts representing the other capitulatory Powers, proposals for the revision of the capitulatory regime in fiscal matters. These proposals shall provide for fiscal equality between foreign and Turkish subjects, while safeguarding the former against excessive taxation and abuses in collection, and for any necessary modifications of

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the Customs taxes, with the consent of the Powers concerned. As regards the capitulations in judicial matters, the Allied Powers repeat their former offer to set up within the same period a similar Commission to prepare a scheme of judicial reform to replace the capitulary system, which will continue provisionally pending the introduction of the proposed scheme. This Commission, on which Turkey will be represented, will be at liberty to recommend either a mixed or a unified judicial system."

Space permits only one further reference to the more important points in Lausanne's agenda. Article 1 of the Turkish National Pact reads thus: "Inasmuch as it is necessary that the destinies of the portions of the Turkish Empire which are populated exclusively by an Arab majority, and which on the conclusion of the armistice of the 30th October 1918 were in the occupation of enemy forces, should be determined in accordance with the votes which shall be freely given by the inhabitants, the whole of those parts whether within or outside the said armistice line which are inhabited by an Ottoman Moslem majority, united in religion, in race and in aim, imbued with sentiments of mutual respect for each other and of sacrifice, and wholly respectful of each other's racial and social rights and surrounding conditions, form a whole which does not admit of division for any reason in truth or in ordinance."

There are here two distinct programs to which Ismet Pasha's Government is committed, firstly, the incorporation of the Mosul province of Mesopotamia in Turkey, and, secondly, the liberty of the Arabs to work out their own destinies. The Mosul province is claimed for Turkey as being predominantly Kurdish, the Kurds having apparently cast in their lot with the Turks. As for Arab self-determination, it remains to be seen what direction it would take. Presumably it would strengthen neither the British position in Mesopotamia and Palestine, nor the French position in Syria. At the time of writing, Lord Curzon has taken no public cognizance of either of these programs.

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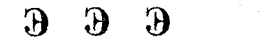
I have touched here upon only three of the larger problems which await settlement at Lausanne. Of the many minor problems which enter into any peace settlement between the Allies and Turkey, of the quite separate task of effecting peace between Turkey and Greece, there is no space here to treat. It seems probable, however, that, respecting the major points at issue, a wide space still separates Lord Curzon and Ismet Pasha. I should be loathe to say anything here which might contribute to the difficulties of Lausanne, but it seems probable that Turkey will remain outside the pale of British diplomacy, as Russia has remained, for some time to come. It seems probable that, like Russia, Turkey will continue to work out its own problems against the day when British statesmen are willing to face the indubitable fact that the Greek occupation of Smyrna in 1919, with the consequent adoption of nationalism by the Turks, is working a profound and irrevocable change throughout the Islamic East. At present writing, it seems apparent that the cheif interest of the Lausanne Conferene is that of a lightning flash illumining a slowly evolving Russo-Turkish *bloc,* which, as far as British diplomacy is concerned, still lies in the outer darkness.



STOLEN FIRE

By MARGARET WIDDEMAR

It was a little stolen fire you held to me,
A flame I never would take from out your hand,
But it was the only light there was to see
In a dark land:

It was a brand from my neighbor's fire, I knew,
An ember whose gift would have made her hearth burn low—
It was never a light that could burn up straight and true—
It was never for you to give or for me to know:

I suppose I should hate you—but I can only remember
That it was very dark, and you lifted up a light,
Even though it was only a little stolen ember,
In a dark night.

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THE FITNESS OF BRITISH LABOR TO RULE

By M. T. HODGEN

THE success of British labor in politics since 1914 has been the occasion of much comment. Both friends and enemies have scanned the heavens for a sign of the future. For although the British Labor Party is described by one of its leading members as a group of men and women of many different occupations who agree on having a common outlook and a common policy, representatives of the Labor Party in Parliament are not drawn from all classes, but from the working class. In 1874 two workingmen were returned to Parliament; in 1918, sixty. The question at issue is not one of political theory but of practical politics. How are these workingmen conducting the affairs of the British Empire? How have labor members been prepared for their responsibilities? Who are these men who having become His Majesty's opposition, seem on the point of becoming His Majesty's government?

The British mind has a way of seeing things as they are. Consequently criticsms of the Labor Party do not turn upon its capacity to obtain ruling power. That capacity has been shown. What critics harp on is labor's alleged lack of intellectual preparation, having secured power to rule, to use that power wisely. In other words, Labor has not been educated for political responsibility.

Political interest sometimes makes strange bed-fellows. To the end of exterminating a common enemy implacable foes will unite. To the end of proving the unfitness of the Labor Party to rule Conservatives and Radicals lie down together, and the humorous scorn of Left Wing Communists for the Trade Union Official is accepted by the Tory press as scientific observation.

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"Its leading minds," says Comrade Leftwing, speaking of the labor group in power, "even when put together and pooled, cannot form a vehicle for ideas larger than the parish pump, * * * . Its inaccessibility to ideas amounts to positive phobia."

"Here, here," say the Conservative Benches, publishing statements of opinion, as evidence of fact, "and the whole danger of the present movement comes from the fact that Labor Party leaders do not see life whole. They have never had the whole of life presented to them as only a University can present life."

Nor are communists and owners of University degrees the only fault-finders. Friends of the Labor Party endeavoring to be candid and coldly analytical have expressed judgments worthy of more serious consideration. These are directed against the Party's lack of policy, method of choosing candidates, and character of procedure in the Commons.

It is said by them first, that the Party has no plan of action which is not either dissipated with tendencies or dangerous because class loyalty is put first in an assembly where the interests of the community should be paramount. Second, that since few Labor members are free to devote their full time to Parliamentary work, the practice of restricting the choice of Labor candidates to officials of trade unions and co-operative societies weakens the Party's fighting power. Third, that Labor Memebers are a nullity in debate, delivering speeches which sound like essays; that they appear to be helpless in the "rapid cut and thrust of argument, the exploitation of a mistake made by the other side, the cleverer adaption of an argument to the changes of mood and situation; . . . that they think of the appropriate repartee four or five sentences too late; that they have not developed the art of interruption and stealing runs in debate. Ignorance of Parliamentary rules, according to some of its kindest critics, is the Labor Party's greatest handicap. In a word, "The clank of their chains can be heard as they talk."

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These comments scornful and thoughtful, of the opponent of the Labor Party and its friends, might be taken at their face value were it not for two facts; the actual possession by the Labor Party of sixty seats and the close resemblance modern criticism bears to the traditional British objection to the entrance of the working class into politics. Given the obstacles already overcome by Labor to secure these seats, it seems reasonable to assume that no more intelligence and capacity will be required to stay in the House of Commons than was needed to get in. Further, when all the arguments of political pessimists are boiled down, the resulting synthesis approaches very nearly the position taken by those who say that the leaders of the Labor Party have not been trained to see life whole; that Mr. Clynes, Mr. Abrahamson, Mr. Barnes and their colleagues are not University-bred men, in the sense understood by Oxford and Cambridge. Whether old or new, all distrust of Labor's fitness for participation in government seems to be pivoted upon its alleged lack of education and experience.

It would be futile, of course, to try to make a case for the Labor Party on this point. Every social group, if not every man, has its own idea of what constitutes useful knowledge. The predilection of members of the old school for the classics, of the scientific professions for science, of the clergy for theology and so on, is too well-known to be discussed. It is interesting, however, to note closely for many years the matter of education has been bound up with the admission of the working class to political participation in England, and useful to examine, in as concrete terms as possible, the extent to which Labor Members, in spite of opposition, have been prepared, formally or informally for Parliamentary responsibility.

The working class has voted in Great Britain for only a little over fifty years. Public education, established by law at almost the same time, has been a fact for a much shorter interval. Before the Great War, of all British children, five per cent entered the secondary schools, and

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one per cent the universities. This painful condition was not the result of indifference to education among members of the working class themselves, but to apprehension on the part of others. In the minds of nineteenth century rulers, the ballot without the book was not so bad, nor was the book without the ballot dangerous. Unfortunately, however, the acquirement of one meant the immediate acquisition of the other. The moment the poor were granted the suffrage it was known that they would vote for education; the moment they were sent to school they would learn how to obtain the vote. Together these privileges seemed to Nineteenth Century England, to constitute a menace to establish conditions few were willing to face. For many years English workingmen asked for them in vain.

The only policy conservative statesmen were willing to adopt in the face of continuous demand was that of discouragement and ridicule. Clergymen, philanthropists and publicists united in an attempt to undermine the confidence of the working class itself; to convince the nation that the poor were incapable of absorbing learning even when it was offered. Wyndam said he could not see "the harm there was of preventing all endeavor to explain to the poor, illiterate fellow, whose extent of power was barely adequate to the task of procuring food for his own subsistence, points which had divided the opinion of the best minds." While Hannah More, who taught the miners of Mendip to read and write, thought the workers could be induced to swallow the unpleasant dose of education only when encouraged by the "presence, kind words, and little gratuities of their betters." So dull will be the minds of the poor she said, "that even the most zealous teachers will flag in their exertions if not animated and supported by the wealthy." The roads to learning and political participation were not easy ones for British workingmen. It was only by an almost unmatched doggedness and practical idealism that each was in a measure traversed.

Labor's rise to power expressed graphically forms not

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an unbroken line but a serrated curve, in which periods of great success alternate with those of great depression. Throughout, however, and interwoven with victory or defeat like a scarlet thread, workingmen have persistently endeavored to educate themselves and their children for self-government. Although the reaction of conservatives and old fashioned liberals to a Labor Government is not surprising, the only way for realists to appeal to facts is to go back of opinion to evidence. Are workingmen unfitted to rule because of lack of intellectual preparation? If not, what form has the education of Labor Members of Parliament assumed? An estimate of the political responsibility of the Labor Party can be reached concretely only by considering the nature of their previous experience from three points of view: first, their formal education; second, their administrative experience; third, the methods developed by labor to compensate for educational privation in youth.

Labor Members of Parliament are not educated men in the sense that education is the result of schooling. Since 1874 when the Labor Representation Committee elected Mr. Burt and Mr. Macdonald to the House of Commons there have been ten Parliaments and about one hundred and thirty representatives of the Labor Party, most of whom have been returned more than once. Their occupations show their origin. Mr. Henderson is a moulder; Mr. Havelock Wilson, a sailor; Mr. Thomas, a railway servant; Will Crooks, a cooper, and so on. At least twenty-five manual occupations have been represented in Parliament; sixteen with only one or two representatives, several with more than five. Eight Labor representatives have been ordained ministers as well as manual laborers. With the exception of the colliers, no occupation has had more than eight representatives in Parliament. The coal miners have had at least forty.

These men worked young and worked long. The Labor Party, as long as it chose workingmen as representatives, was thus debarred, by conditions over which it could exercise

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no control, from picking candidates to stand for election on the basis of formal education. While Parliamentary colleagues of other parties were attending Eton, Harrow and the Universities, Labor Members were undergoing a different training of which work was one form. Not a few workingmen now or recently present in Parliament have worked at their trades all their lives. Among the colliers, Mr. Hall hewed coal for thirty-four years, Mr. Fenwick and Mr. J. Johnson for thirty and others for lesser intervals of twenty and fourteen years.

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The schooling of these men was meagre. The Liberal and Labor Year Books carefully record either the fact of a bare elementary education or the age at which Labor Members went to work. Perhaps five or six have had what might be called a good education, though what that implies is a little difficult to say. Although one or two have never been in school rooms, a great many went to the British School and received elementary instruction for two or three years. Almost forty per cent went to work before they were fourteen, of whom a third were earning their keep by the time they were ten.

The schooling of Will Crooks of Poplar was typical. Little education of the ordinary kind came into his life because at eight years of age he had begun to earn. Nevertheless at ten or eleven magazines and some of Dickens' novels found their way into his home. "I suddenly found myself in a new and delightful world," he says, "Having been in the workhouse myself, how I revelled in Oliver Twist; how I laughed at Bumble and the gentleman in the white waist-coat." Crooks was still an apprentice when, as he describes it, the great literary event of his life took place. On his way home from work he picked up Homer's Iliad for two pence at an old book-stall. While in a blacksmith's shop he learnt many portions of Shakespeare, and later in life he was set thinking seriously by a course of University Lectures in Political Economy.

For better or for worse, the training life has vouchsafed

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to workingmen chosen to stand for Parliament has been practical, not classical or theoretical. It has consisted of Parliamentary experience, previous administrative experience in departments of government or experience in guiding the destinies of their own trade-unions They have learned on the job. Of the one hundred and thirty Labor Members of Parliament elected in the half century during which the working class has been represented, over one half have been re-elected more than once, while a third have been returned to Parliament more than twice. Among the sixty-seven Labor Members of the present Parliament, twenty (of whom fifteen are colliers), or over one-fourth, have sat before.

In their own trade unions, a large majority of Labor Members have been officials of long standing. Some have passed from the lowest of local offices to the responsibilities of policy-making on a national scale. Mr. Burt, whose career is typical, after being an officer in a local union in a small coal-miners' village became a leading member of its executive committee and then was sent to Parliament to stay for almost fifty years.

Early experience in the difficult work of labor organization and administration seems to have taken the place among miners of the school-room. Mr. Edwards was a check weighman in a coal-mine at nine years of age and Mr. Williams at twelve. In other trades men became officials at sixteen, eighteen and twenty. Among the colliers who have served in Parliament, at least ten per cent held some trade union position before reaching the age of thirty.

The mere fact of office-holding in a trade-union, however, does not prove that the Labor Members of the House of Commons have been trained for political responsibility. It is necessary to demonstrate that such positions provide experience in social control which is the equivalent of that received by Members from other income groups, who have had more schooling. It is necessary also to show that Labor does not regard civil service in the labor movement as a

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substitute for the mental discipline available in well-conducted Universities. In this, the coal-miners are a case in point, for their numerical superiority in present and preceding Parliaments is not accidental. It is the result of a continuous policy of long standing, according to which officials and rank and file have been trained within the union for internal administration and external representation.

In common with nearly all the trade-unions in England, one hundred years ago, the coal-miners' organizations took the form of primitive democracies modeled in procedure upon that adopted by Methodist societies. Their purpose was to redress economic grievances by political action; their method was that of one man, one vote. Sooner or later other unions were forced to abandon direct legislation in theory and practice because of its many cumbersome features. The miners, however, refused to change and to this day the nineteen thousand Members of the Northumberland Miners' Mutual Confident Association continue to decide every question by direct vote in the several lodge meetings. In order to select those best fitted for responsibility it is customary to choose members of the executive committee from among the check-weighmen. These representatives of the miners on the weighing stand must be regular in habit, accurate and business-like in mind, quick at figures and insensible to the bullyings or blandishments of either managers or employees. In order to distribute the responsibility and experience over as large an area of the membership as possible, the executive committee is elected every six months with the provision that retiring members are ineligible for re-election.

Textile operatives, the occupational group having had next to the colliers, the largest representation in Parliament, have similar methods of securing able officials. Technical consideration, however, has had more influence upon the form of trade-union administration in the cotton trades than inclinations toward direct democracy. The necessity for piece-rates, from the points of view both of operatives

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and employers alike, has resulted in the setting apart of a "governing class" within the Union for clerical work and negotiation. These officials in reality form a trade union civil service and are chosen by means of examination, part of which tests the ability of the candidate representing the workers in the technical operation of setting piece-rates; part, his understanding of the function of the trade union. Such a method of choice excludes the "born orator" or the usual type of successful organizer. In the deliberations of trade assemblies or on committees over-worked men are disinclined to indulge in flowery debate. Short speeches and rigorous closure are the rule. Printed matter is substituted for lengthy verbal explanations. As a result these, bodies have become most efficient and have introduced into the controlling councils of the organization the voices of keen, alert minded officials, a combination, in trade union terms, of the lawyer and accountant.

Trade-unions officials elected to Parliament after years of service to such organizations are thus well trained in principles of administration of group life on a scale both small and large. And older members who have lived long enough to see their union evolve slowly, under pressure of numbers and complexity of issues, from small local societies to great representative bodies are opposed to sudden change. They are usually as well equipped with argument against innovation as the most conservative member of the House of Lords. Nevertheless, since the functions of the trade union and the labor leader have been undergoing a change, they, with all younger leaders, are in favor of education. National trade agreements and factory legislation have decreased the causes of friction between employee and employer. Trade-union officials have ceased to be leaders of armed resistance. Each union needs, instead of militant, pugnacious commanders, a salaried staff devoting its entire time to the commercial and technical details of the workers' interests in the industry to which they belong. The old type of leader giving part time to his trade and part to the

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union is not enough. Negotiation, under trade agreements, is a craft in itself. An official needs to have special training before he can be considered a practical man for such a task.

For these reasons Labor is developing methods by which to compensate for educational privation in youth. The coal miners started a century ago with their schools in the colliery districts. Since then other efforts have been continually made, the most notable of which have occurred during the last twelve years. In that period three or four agencies have spread a net-work of classes over the English industrial counties and have induced adult workers to go to school. Were it possible to draft a spot map of the Parliamentary constituencies represented by Labor Members, together with the location of Workers' Education Classes, conducted by Ruskin College, University Extension, the Central Labor College, and the Workers' Educational Association, the area of greatest educational effort would probably coincide with the areas of greatest Labor Party influence. For although each agency for Workers' Education was founded for a slightly different purpose, and biased at first by philanthropic, religious or academic motives each has been forced by its students to enter into official relationship with the trade-unions by means of joint governing committees. The Iron and Steel Trades Confederation has a joint agreement and committee with the Workers' Educational Association by which its members are offered classes in History, Economics, Politics and related subjects. The National Union of Railway men, the South Wales Miners' Federation, and the Union of Post Office Workers support and control the Central Labor College. The most ambitious effort of the Labor Movement to meet the problem of educating its membership was made recently by the Trade Union Congress in the appointment of a committee to draw up a scheme for central trade-union control of all workers' education. Educational agencies of diverse origin and dissimilar purpose will thus be drawn into the trade-union structure and organism.

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In fact, the Labor Party of England has always been as conscious of ignorance on the part of the masses as the Conservatives or Liberals, and political representatives have not only tried to educate themselves but have also assumed the function of educators with respect to their constituents. The typical member of the Commons represents an educated group experienced in political self-expression. He regards it as no part of his duty either to listen to inarticulate voices among his supporters or to reason with them in case of disagreement. The public meeting is his medium of contact with his electors and when a conflict of opinion occurs the gentleman politician customarily votes according to his conscience or resigns his seat. The Labor member, on the other hand, works according to another rule, formulated as the result of the intellectual isolation of the rank and file of his organization from the conduct of state affairs and the compulsion imposed upon trade union officials to earn a living in addition to carrying on their official duties. It becomes his duty not only to find out what his constitutents want, but in case of disagreement to convince them by means of meetings with local committees, personal conferences, and frequent circulation of printed matter of what he, as professional representative, regards as the best policy. He functions both as mouth-piece and as a teacher.

As a result of work in boyhood, interrupted schooling and that peculiar training in brevity and conciseness which service in the labor movement gives an Englishman, Labor members are under a disadvantage in the Commons when faced with the mental agility and power of repartee which long Parliamentary experience and leisured education have fostered in middle class members. Yet when the whole picture is secured, points of weakness are no more numerous than elements of strength, and political Cassandras are not wholly right in attempting to prove Labor unfit to rule because Labor has not sat under University schoolmasters. The representative of Labor in the British Parliament is not an educated man in the formal sense, but he has not

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come to his legislative responsibility wholly unprepared. On the contrary, his training in administrative and social control through trade union office-holding approximates that gained by young men during the four years of a college course, and to that he adds an unequaled familiarity with the technique of reaching the rank and file of trade unionists. The obvious remedy for lack of Parliamentary experience, is more Parliamentary experience, a conclusion arrived at by all who recommend the election of manual rather than brain workers. The remedy for neglected education is more education, a goal which Labor has set itself and will undoubtedly make. In the meantime, while Parliament may not be as brilliant a place, and debaters may languish for quick-witted opponents, it is possible that the business of government may still proceed refreshed and stimulated by new and vigorous purpose.

INTERREGNUM

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

Bruise me an herb of healing, bring me fruit
  Cool from the hills, a charger heaped with snow;
Sea-water, chill and colorless and mute
  In jars of smoky agate; let me know
Rigors of bronze, and all the frozen, white
  Processionals of lads and girls who stand
Stricken upon the threshold of delight,
  Their limbs unloosened, hand apart from hand!

These I will put between me and that hour
  When Beauty leans to plague the eyes awake
With vague, moist mouths grown hungry to devour
  The honey of the heart. Oh, let me break
Into all rooms of worship or despair
  And mercifully scatter ashes there!

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ZIONISM AND THE CRANE REPORT

By SAMUEL UNTERMYER

FOR more than three years the interest and curiosity of the millions of human beings who are deeply concerned in the final settlement of Near-East problems have been on edge as to the possible contents of a mysterious, suppressed document supposed to be the Crane-King Report. It was known that in 1919 an Inter-allied Commission had been appointed by the Peace Conference to prepare a statement on conditions in former Turkish territory as a guide to the Allied and Associated Powers in their disposal of the conquered countries. It was further known that the American Section of this Commission, under Messrs. Crane and King, had proceeded to Syria, made an investigation on the spot and prepared a long document which was never given to the public. Why it was so long suppressed was never made clear, but, probably on account of its suppression, the document began to assume peculiar significance. When finally it was announced that the report was about to be published, the American public expected disclosures of an almost revolutionary nature.

The Report was first printed in *Publisher and Editor,* a monthly periodical. The New York *Times* thought it of sufficient importance to give it over thirty columns of space. With its forty thousand words, its countless figures, its marshalling of evidence, and its apparent efforts at impartiality, the report does, on the surface, produce the effect of a serious and valuable contribution to the world's knowledge of conditions in Asia Minor. At first glance one is tempted to accept without further parley the conclusions of the American Commission, and it certainly would be easier to do so than to wade through thirty closely-printed

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newspaper columns in order to arrive at an independent conclusion. However, one who, like myself, is vitally and peculiarly interested in at least one of the problems dealt with in the Report, with respect to which he has a high public duty, and who cannot therefore afford to accept the conclusions ready-made, must check carefully the material submitted.

A close and detailed examination of the whole report inevitably leads to the conclusion that the Crane-King Report is without value when judged by the standards applicable to such a document and to the character of the investigations on which its should be based, *i. e.,* impartiality of the inquirer, validity of the evidence and accuracy of observation.

Within the report itself a number of statements frankly challenge the validity of the evidence on which the conclusions are based. In view of this self-confessed weakness, it is strange that responsible investigators should be so categoric in their condemnation of Zionism, destroying with a single gesture a movement that embodies the agonized hopes of millions of homeless Jews over the whole world. It would seem to the average mind that nothing short of the most conclusive evidence, the most overwhelming conviction should impel any serious-minded investigator to attack the one aspiration that represents to this long-suffering, persecuted people the prospect of a happier future. The Crane Report, on the contrary, is based on inadmissible facts, supported by valuless evidence and conceived in a biased spirit. It is trivial by reason of its inaccuracies and is disingenuous in its reasoning. The following analysis will I believe make this clear.

After an examination of the ground, and of a number of revelant considerations

> "the commissioners recommend a modification of the extreme Zionist program for Palestine of unlimited immigration for Jews, looking finally to making Palestine distinctly a Jewish State."

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This "extreme Zionist program" which the Report has discovered in Palestine has been constructed by the commission, from the statements, not reproduced, of a number of individuals. It so happens that the authentic and official Zionist program has been before the world for many years, and has been repeated time and again by the official organs of the Zionist Organization. Why the Crane report should rely for its conceptions of Zionism on random and indivdual statements is incomprehensible. For the "extreme Zionist Program" adduced by the Report is not the Zionist program of the Zionist Organization. This program may exist in the minds of a few irresponsible individuals but they speak without authority and have no support.

The Zionist program, as laid down twenty-five years ago, and maintained since then without change "strives to create for the Jewish people a publicly recognized legally secured *home* in Palestine."

This was the program submitted by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference, and this was the program that has been ratified. This—and nothing more. The Zionists are satisfied with this statement of their creed.

The Crane report implies that the present government in Palestine is aiming at a "Jewish State." There can be no such thing under the Balfour Declaration, the Resolution passed by Congress or the Mandate. In point of fact the present government in Palestine has been placed there by the League of Nations on condition that its administration *"facilitate the creation of a Jewish national home"* and nothing more. Had the Commissioners incorporated in their report the dispositions taken by the League of Nations with regard to Palestine, they would not have been able to perpetrate this inaccuracy, nor would they have been able to reach the conclusions based on it.

Exploiting this inaccuracy to the full and basing their entire argument and conclusions on this fundamentally false premise the report goes on:

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> "Nor can the erection of a Jewish State be accomplished without the gravest trespass upon the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine. The fact came out completely in the Commission's conference with Jewish representatives that the Zionists looked forward to a practically complete dispossession of the present non-Jewish inhabitants of Palestine, by various forms of purchase."

Nothing could be more fallacious, either directly or by implication than this assertion. As the responsible head, in this country, of the Palestine Foundation Fund, whose aim it is to build up Palestine as a home for the Jews, and as one familiar with what "the Zionists look forward to," I most emphatically deny that the Zionists have in view "a practically complete dispossession of the non-Jewish inhabitants of Palestine" or any dispossession or disturbance of the present or future non-Jewish inhabitants. On the contrary it is their hope and ambition to dwell in peace with those inhabitants and to promote their happiness and prosperity with their own. The fact is that at the present time it is the Jews of Palestine and not the non-Jews, who are practically dispossessed. In Palestine today, according to the last census as reported recently by a daily newspaper in this city, there are 400,000 Arabs and 120,000 Jews. The Jews therefore form something like a quarter of the population. They own less than one-twentieth of the land of Palestine.

Further: Of the arable land of Palestine only twenty-five per cent is under cultivation, and three-quarters is lying waste—as it always had done under the Arab and Turkish régime. Of the arable land only a fragment is owned by the Jews. There is ample room for Jewish expansion for generations to come, without infringing on anyone's rights.

Lastly, the implication that the Jews wish to drive out the Arabs is fundamentally false. The Zionists desire nothing better than co-operation with the Arabs. This co-operation they are receiving in steadily increasing measure, as

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the understanding of their just and pacific purposes is gradually percolating through the tough cuticle of prejudice and misrepresentation that has been built up by the enemies of Zionism. I cite in what follows evidence of the efforts that the Jews have made to co-operate with the Arabs in Palestine and the fine results that have already been achieved in that direction. The Arabs are quite as much needed as are the Jews in order to rebuild Palestine. There has never been the remotest suggestion that the Jewish national homeland shall be built up at the expense of the Arab population or any overt act to support such a charge. In a country which can support over five million inhabitants (it supported over three million in the time of Josephus) four hundred thousand Arabs will find ample room.

The modifications which the Commissioners have suggested on such insufficient grounds are in themselves meaningless. It appears that whether the aims of the Zionists are represented by the unjust dream of a Jewish State, or only by the legitimate hope of a national home, the Commissioners have recommended measures that would put an end to all Zionist work. Thus the very accusation of the Commissioners, namely, that Zionism is extreme in its demands, becomes pointless, for they are not willing even to concede the most moderate demands.

The second argument that is made the basis of a great demonstration in the Report and which is equally groundless is that the Zionist program conflicts with the twelfth of the fourteen points of President Wilson, to wit:

> "The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery."

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"If that principle is to rule," say the Commissioners, "and so the wishes of Palestine's population are to be decisive as to what is to be done with Palestine, then it is to be remembered that the non-Jewish population of Palestine —nearly *nine-tenths* of the whole—are emphatically against the whole Zionist program."

Apart from the incidental inaccuracy about the Jewish population of Palestine, which forms nearly one-fourth, and not one-tenth, of the whole, this criticism, as will later be shown, is without meaning.

The paragraph which follows this stresses the undesirability of Zionism from the point of view of the outside world. "Palestine," say the Commissioners, "is sacred to the whole of the western world, Jewish, Christian and Moslem." "With the best possible intentions," continues the Report, "it may be doubted whether the Jews could seem to either Christians or Moslems proper guardians of the Holy places or custodians of the Holy Land as a whole." It appears that the very people who made Palestine holy, who gave the world one of its great religions, and the basis for the two others, is the one that is singled out and arraigned as unfitted to revere the country and protect the holy shrines of other peoples. The Jews are a peaceful people. Centuries of persecution have taught them that tolerance and respect for other religious views which they have vainly asked for their own. There is no recorded instance in modern history where they have desecrated the Holy Shrines of other peoples. This magnified bugaboo is easily disposed of in any event. The Shrines are not in their keeping. They are protected by the British Government as the mandatory power, and will be in the keeping of the races to which they belong.

This implied offence to the Jewish people is, however, of no importance here. The Commissioners base one of their chief arguments against the Jewish Homeland under the British mandate on the point of view of the outside world, and not of the population of Palestine.

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"Millions of Christians and Moslems all over the world will object," say they.

It therefore seems that when the Commissioners talk about the absolute right of the Palestinian population to decide its own future, they do so only insofar as anti-Zionism is concerned. They quote the opinion of the outside world only to the extent to which they can draw anti-Zionist conclusions. Is there not something obviously biased and insincere in such reasoning?

For if we examine the opinion of the world in general on the Zionist question, we find it to be overwhelmingly sympathetic to the Zionist ideal of a Jewish homeland in Palestine and as a complete repudiation of every one of the conclusions of this Report. The Zionist ideal is incorporated in the so-called Balfour Declaration promulgated by the British Government on November 2, 1917. That Declaration affirms that the British Government looks with sympathy on the idea of a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine provided the rights of the Jews in other countries shall not thereby be prejudiced, and that the rights of the non-Jewish population in Palestine shall in no way be affected. The Balfour Declaration was prepared with the concurrence of the representatives of the American government, and, to crown it all, President Wilson, who is quoted in refutation of the justice of Zionism, *himself repeatedly expressed his complete sympathy with the aims and aspirations of that movement.*

The following governments have also indorsed the Balfour Declaration: France, Italy, Serbia, Greece, Holland, Siam, China and Japan. Finally, America expressed complete sympathy with the Zionist ideal in no uncertain voice in the historic resolution that passed both houses of Congress *by unanimous vote,* and was signed by President Harding, who, in common with other prominent American statesmen, has spoken in the most friendly and approving terms of the ideal of a Jewish homeland in Palestine on the lines of the Balfour Declaration.

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Following these expressions of good will came at last the legal decision which pledged the vast majority of the civilized world to the Zionist program. On July 24, 1922, the Council of the League of Nations, assembled in London, ratified the British Mandate over Palestine. Within that Mandate was incorporated the Balfour Declaration, and England was appointed the Mandatory on the express condition that she facilitate by her administration the formation of a Jewish national home in Palestine. This condition was not a mere gesture. Within a month of the ratification of the Mandate the Council of the League of Nations prepared a questionnaire to be submitted to the British Government, in which England was asked to report what steps she had taken toward the fulfillment of the obligations she had thus assumed toward Palestine, the Jewish people, and the League of Nations.

So much for the opinion of the world, which the Crane Report has tried to harness to anti-Zionism! And yet in the face of that record the Commissioners have the temerity to report that Zionism is opposed by the opinion of the outside world!

But the insincerity of the Report is doubly manifest in its appeal to the twelfth of the "Fourteen Points" as an anti-Zionist argument. It is precisely point twelve that emphasizes the justice of the Zionist case in Palestine, and it was precisely because of point twelve that President Wilson could and did endorse the Zionist program. Are not the Jewish people "immediately concerned" in the final disposition and settlement of Palestine? Does the Jewish claim to Palestine look like a desire for "exterior influence or mastery"? Does it not look rather like the correction of an ancient injustice, and, of equal importance, is it not the only possible refuge of a people who, for two thousand years, has never found peace or rest?

Who are "immediately concerned" in the settlement of Palestine, if not the Jews? Have they not shown their concern by a loyalty to their ancient homeland that has out-

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lived many an empire? Have they not been "immediately concerned" in their own homeland for twenty centuries? Are not the hunger, the homelessness, the yearnings, the ambitions and the rights of millions of Jews of more importance than the opinion of four hundred thousand Arabs with whose rights it is not in conflict?

Says the Crane report:

> "The initial claim, often submitted by Zionist representatives, that they have a 'right' to Palestine based on an occupation of two thousand years ago, can hardly be seriously considered."

True enough, if in that two thousand years the Jews had found a permanent home, if they had not been, ever since their dispersion, a despised and persecuted people. But is a history of sixty generations of martyrdom not to be "seriously considered"? Is this tragic story of undying love for one's native land, of an ineradicable hope of returning to the homeland, of one's traditions shining and sustaining a people through centuries of misery, persecution and degradation, not to be "seriously considered"? Is sustained and unquenchable idealism a true sentiment or mere sentimentality? Have human emotions, human love, human constancy, human traditions that have endured through the centuries any value in the eye of these Commissioners? Or is idealism to be confined to the four hundred thousand Arabs, to the exclusion of millions of Jews? If there ever were a people whose sad predicament invoked the true meaning and application of the twelfth of the "Fourteen Points" it was that of the Jewish people in its relation to Palestine.

So much for the appeal to Wilsonism. Let me now turn to the evidence against Zionism which the Crane report gathered within the country itself.

The Commission spent in all forty-two days in the whole of Syria, in which is included its stay in Palestine. During that time it endeavored to obtain the opinion of the popu-

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lation through written and oral statements on the part of representative bodies and individuals, but chiefly through petitions. The Report flourishes these petitions in every other paragraph, analyses them, reanalyses them, groups them and regroups them in every possible permutation and combination, and then draws its conclusions. What is the value of these petitions?

Within the Report itself there is an analysis of their worth. Five provisos are attached. The petitions do not represent religious opinions proportionately. The greater the divisions in a religious community, the larger the number of petitions. Ergo, the Jewish, being the least divided, will be poorest represented. The petitions show the influence of propaganda, which, while legitimate, is peculiarly apt to distort opinion among a people like the Arab, unused to political expression. In fact, the Report adds that the Commission was actually an "education" to the Arabs. In other words, it created opinions as it went along. Another disqualification which the Report does not mention, is that the Commission was American, and would inevitably attract only pro-American statements. Zionism having been until then identified mainly with the British policy, and America not having up to that time taken the political stand which it subsequently so generously assumed in favor of the Jews, its mention would necessarily not be emphasized. There is also allusion to pressure brought by agitators on signators.

This show of frankness, however, is more than offset by the calm assumption that, in the end, the various forces compensated for each other and that the final result is near the truth. Nothing more gratuitous could possibly be assumed. The fact that there was not a single Arab petition in favor of Zionism, in spite of the numerous recorded expressions of good will which Zionism has received and is daily receiving from Arabs by word and act, is persuasive argument in support of the contention that pro-Zionist sympathies were artifically suppressed. But assuming, as may reasonably be assumed, that the majority of the Arabs (though far from

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all of them) would express themselves against the Zionist ideal, the discussion is not yet at an end.

Let us examine one curious fact to which the Crane report does not give its proper value in the summing up of the evidence. The majority of opinion in Syria ("including Southern Syria known as Palestine," as the Damascus program comically puts it) was for the Damascus program. This calls for a United Syria, with a decentralized government in the form of a constitutional monarchy, with the Emir Feisal on the throne. If a Mandate was to be granted, the Damascus program asked that America be the Mandatory, with England as second choice.

America was chosen by the Damascus program because the American sense of justice was trusted by the Arabs. England was next on the list for the same reason. And the Emir Feisal is not only indicated as a desirable ruler by the Damascus program, but is deservedly praised by the Commission in unstinted terms. Says the Report:

> "The insight and breadth of sympathy revealed by the Emir Feisal make him peculiarly well fitted, also, for the headship of a state involving both occidental and oriental elements."

And now note that the very states that are recognized by the Damascus program as being actuated by the spirit of justice *are the ones that were foremost in their expressions of sympathy for the Zionist ideal.* Most striking of all, is the opinion of the Emir Feisal, that man of "insight and breadth of sympathy" who is "peculiarly well fitted for the headship" of the Syrian State. In a letter to Professor Frankfurter, a prominent Zionist, the Emir Fiesal has this to say:

> "Dear Mr. Frankfurter:
>
> "I want to take this opportunity of my first contact with American Zionists to tell you what I have often been able to say to Dr. Weizmann (President of the World Zionist Orgnization) in Arabia and Europe.

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"We Arabs, especially the educated among us, look with deepest sympathy on the Zionist movement. Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference, and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best, in so far as we are concerned, to help them through; we will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home.

"With the chiefs of your movement, especially with Dr. Weizmann, we have had, and continue to have, the closest relations. He has been a great helper in our cause, and I hope the Arabs may soon be in a position to make the Jews some return for their kindness. We are working for a reformed and revived Near East, and our two movements complete one another.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"FEISAL."

This illustrates again the truth of the Zionist insistence that wherever the anti-Zionist Arabs have appealed to a tribunal because it is just, it has found there an understanding of and sympathy for the Zionist movement. Admitting that of the four hundred thousand non-Jews in Palestine a majority has been against the Zionist program (mainly because of misrepresentations as to the true purposes of the movement) does that negate the justice of Zionism? Shall the opinion of four hundred thousand overrule the imperative needs and the just ambitions of millions?

Arab opposition to the Zionist ideal, artificially fomented as it is, seems all the more unjust when we reflect that the Arabs have been in possession of Palestine for over a thousand years, and the land is still as waste as when they entered it. Four hundred thousand Arabs occupy a territory which can nourish millions, and even that part of it which they occupy is sunk in neglect and decay. This is not intended as an indictment of the Arab, but the plain fact is that the Arabs possess neither the initiative nor the modern knowledge; neither the sense of organization nor the discipline of the Jews who are coming to Palestine.

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Ever since the Jew has started to colonize Palestine, under the impulse of the Zionist movement, the spirit of the new era has year by year become more and more evident. Places that for thousands of years have been barren and desolate, neglected by all the successive conquerors of Palestine, have begun to blossom, bearing fruit and wheat. Orange and almond groves were introduced into the country by the Zionists. They began the cultivation of the modern vine. It is to their initiative that the country owes most of its export trade, most of its concrete plans for a happy and flourishing future that are gradually working toward fulfilment.

Let us in the light of the new spirit introduced into the country by Zionist endeavor and Zionist idealism examine one of the most important statements in the Crane Report:

> "The gravity of the Syrian problem is further to be seen in certain well-known facts. The fact that the Arabic-speaking section of the Turkish Empire (the Commissioners mean of course that part of the former Turkish Empire which is now mostly Arabic speaking, but which in the relevant period was Hebrew) has been the birthplace of three great religions, Judaism, Christianity and Islam, and that Palestine contains places sacred to all three makes it inevitably a center of interest and concern for the whole world. No solution which is merely local or has only a single people in mind can avail. As a portion of the bridgeland uniting Europe, Asia and Africa, Syria has a place of such strategic importance, politcally and commercially, and from the point of view of world civilization, as also to make it imperative that the settlement here brought about should be so just as to give promise of permanently good results for the whole cause of the development of a righteous civilzation in the world. Every part of the former Turkish Empire must be given a new life and opportunity under thoroughly changed political conditions."

The tone of this paragraph is lofty and its spirit finely conceived. Unfortunately, like so many righteous senti-

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ments, it has been turned to support arguments that are in complete contradiction of its protestations. This habit of talking of Palestine as a mere appanage or suburb of Syria would be ludicrous, if it were not bound up with such serious considerations. That idea of Palestine as a minor part of Syria is akin to the fable of the tail wagging the dog. It is not Syria that has given the world its three greatest religions, but Palestine. It is not Syria that figures so largely in the history of world civilization, but Palestine. And it is to Palestine that the lofty remarks of the Commission, above quoted, particularly apply.

It is true that the world needs a regenerated and strong Palestine. It is true that that country, the cradle of the great religions of civilization, should be encouraged toward a future in harmony with its illustrious past. It was from Hebrew Palestine that the conception of righteousness went forth to the whole world and to speak of a new Palestine conceived in the spirit of the old, without restoring the Jews to it, is the most obvious contradiction in terms. Not the Arabs, but the Jews, have made Palestine the center of the world's interest and sympathy. Without the Jews the Arabs will make of Palestine what they have made of it in the past thousand years and more—a desert country, without material prosperity and without spiritual content.

A Palestinian future without the Jews is unthinkable. "There is room in Syria for us both," says the Emir Feisal. "Indeed, I think that neither can be a success without the other." Let Arab agitators stir the masses as they will, the Zionist argument consists not of assertions or conclusions, but of tangible proven facts. Read this statement of Ramsay MacDonald, leader of the opposition in the British Parliament, if you would have an idea of the regenerative spirit brought into Palestine by the heroic pioneers of the Zionist ideal:

> "One afternoon, as I was crossing the plain of Esdraelon, close to the spot where Saul fought his last fight, I was met by a country cart and jolted over some

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> mile or two of unmade road to one of those new Jewish camps at Neuris. I found their tents. Most of them were in the fields, but the anvil in the smithy was clanging, saws and planes were going in the carpenters' shops, through an open door I saw a dentist at work, and in the kitchen pots and pans were rattling. The community consisted of 150 persons selected from those who as members of the Labor Corps had worked on road-making for twelve months. They had settled on a large piece of land between the railway and the top of the hill, part of which is swamp, and all of it practically without cultivation. There they are planting 14,000 eucalyptus trees of 60 varieties, 4,000 pines, 500 cypresses, 10,000 olives, together with apple orchards, vineyards, tobacco plantations and orange groves; they are starting nurseries for the supply of plants, especially trees. They are digging and preparing the land for cultivation; they believe they are laying the foundations of a new Zion."

And who are these men and women, these laborers, these smiths and carpenters, these builders of the new Zion? Many of them are young people who have been accustomed to the luxuries and comforts of European homes. Many of them are university graduates. All of them are idealists. Here is the stuff that will build the kind of country for which the Crane Report asks.

Not only in detail work, but in larger schemes for the whole country, the Zionists are ushering in a new age. In the four years from 1918 to 1922 the Jewish investments in Palestine have exceeded £4,000,000. The Rutenberg scheme, which is collecting funds in this country, will harness the waters of the Jordan to supply Palestine, poor in coal and oil, with light and power. "Never in a thousand years," declared Mr. Winston Churchill in the British House of Commons, "would the Arabs have brought forth a Rutenberg scheme." True! And the Arabs will benefit by this scheme equally with the Jews. In uplifting ourselves we shall carry them along with us.

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Not only materially, but spiritually, the Jews are renewing the country. The Jewish schools of Palestine, maintained in greatest part by the Zionist Organization, are, in extent and quality, something which the Arabs have never possessed. Jews have built the first technical school in Palestine. They have laid on Mount Scopus the foundations of the first university of Palestine. Is not this what the Crane Report means when it talks of a new civilization in that part of the world? Is there anyone who believes that the Arabs would have produced results like these?

Let us examine briefly the benefit derived by the Arabs from Jewish initiative in Palestine. Modern plantations of orange groves were unknown in Palestine before the coming of the Zionist Jews. Today, in Jeffa, an association of Arab and Jewish orange-growers has been formed for the control of the export trade. Before the coming of the Jews the Arab was shamefully exploited by the local land-owners (the men, incidentally, behind the anti-Zionist agitation, for obvious reasons). The Jews brought into the country a higher standard of living, and with it raised the Arab standard. The Arab Club of Tiberias approached the Jews of Tiberias, in 1920, for employment. Arabs were given employment at the same rate of pay as the Jews *and a share of the profits,* in the labor camp. Instances of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. Wherever the Arab shakes off the influence of his exploiters, and co-operates with the Jews, he finds his condition improved and his future brightened. The most elementary dictates of common sense suggest that if the Jews are striving for a prosperous Palestine, they can not exclude from its benefits, even if they so desired, a large section of the population. The Arab future, when yoked to the future of the Jews, is something that they themselves are bound to realize though never even dreamed of by them.

Three problems are solved by the Zionist program. The problem of the future of the Jews, the problem of the future of Palestine, and the problem of the world's need in Asia

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Minor. It was an inspiration of world progress that drove the world to endorse with unanimity the Zionist program in Palestine. Out of the ruins of the war this at least has been a positive gain to civilization. The combination of the Jews and Palestine has once in the past enriched the world with unparalleled gifts. That same combination will in the future be no less productive for a world perplexed by doubts and weakened by dissensions.

BREAD AND WINE

By THEODORE MAYNARD

I find that you are all things: were you wine
And nothing else to my delirious brain,
I might have drunken deep
And, sober, never thought of you again.

But you are winter firelight, when the rain
Drips from the eaves; you are my daily bread;
In my companioned sleep
By you the kindled heavens of dream are fed.

You are the candle buring by my bed
To pacify a shadow-frightened child;
And you the early lark
That rises from the grass when dawn is Wild.

Dress you in innocence, my undefiled,
Incredibily familiar, like the shine
Of stars in dusk and dark!
How could you be all else—were you not wine?

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THOMAS NELSON PAGE

By RONALD TREE

AT the time of his death, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, American Ambassador to Italy during the period of the war and the Peace Conference, was the only one of the Ambassadors to the warring nations who had written no account of his ambassadorship.

True, he had written a book on Italy and the Italians of that period, but it was a rather technical account of the war in Italy, and contained nothing of a personal nature. It is a great pity that he failed to undertake this work, for it is known that during the entire war period he kept a voluminous diary day by day, which naturally contained many matters about which little light has hitherto been shed. It is earnestly to be hoped that his literary executors may be able to get together sufficient of his letters and diary material to publish some account of his splendid work during the four years of the war and the first six months of peace. Such an account most naturally would contain some information in regard to his rupture with President Wilson over the attitude taken by the President at the Peace Conference; and of his memorable trip to Paris taken in order to lay his side of the question before the President, who denied him even this privilege for four long days. The story of his personal narrative as Ambassador cannot fail to be an interesting one, and it will have additional weight in the fact that it will present to the American public the immense difficulties with which the Italians were faced during the war, and in what way they took steps to meet and surmount them. There were many things in Italy's conduct during the war with which Mr. Page found fault; there were many times when he felt that his patience was wearing down, but never once did he fail to understand their point of view and endeavor to present it in all fairness to the President, and the State Department.

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To know and thoroughly understand the Italian people is a difficult thing for the average Anglo-Saxon mind. Patience and tact are two attributes most difficult at a time when you feel that common sense and plain talking will accomplish much more. But not so with Mr. Page; he realized from the very first that in order to understand and be understood by the Italians, patience is the only thing that counts, that a little human understanding will accomplish far more than the curtness of State Department notes or the innate brutality of the Anglo-Saxon nature. Like his cousin, Mr. Walter Page in London, there were many times when he had to soothe down hurt feelings; but unlike Mr. Walter Page, the most difficult moments of his Ambassadorship came at its close. After living through the days when the name of America was lauded to the skies and its President proclaimed as the "Secundo Christo," upon his shoulders had to fall the weight of a bitter and disillusioned country whose love turned overnight into angry hate. Only the personal love which the Italian people had for Mr. Page and the knowledge that he had done all in his power to aid them in their darkest hour prevented the Ambassador and his family from being subjected to personal insults and indignities. Throughout it all, he remained quite calm and unaffected and when, as a protest, a detachment of five hundred soldiers were sent to guard the Embassy against hostile demonstration, he quietly told Baron Sonnino, who at the time was Minister of Foreign Affairs, that if he did not consider the Embassy safe, without the presence of troops, he felt that it was time to ask for his passports and return home. Sonnino replied that it was done only for his safety, but the next day the troops were withdrawn and no harm was done to the Embassy.

But such treatment was difficult to endure at the close of a long war and it told heavily on Mr. Page.

Like most of his contemporaries and friends, he had early been fascinated by the mind and brillance of President Wilson. During the campaign of 1912 he had worked hard in his own state of Virginia to obtain the nomination for

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Wilson, and when the President came to Washington for his inauguration it was at Mr. Page's house that he stayed. Shortly afterwards, the Ambassadorship to Italy was tendered and early in 1913, Mr. Page left for Rome. From then on until his retirement from office six years later he only once visited America—and then only for a few weeks—owing to his brother-in-law's death. The consequence was that the two men had seen but little of each other. Nevertheless, the Ambassador believed implicity in the President throughout the course of the war. Never for an instant did he falter in giving him his entire confidence, never once did he feel anything but pride at what was being accomplished in Washington. When the President arrived in Paris, a day that no American who witnessed the scene can ever forget, Mr. Page was there to greet and receive him. When his triumphs in Paris and London were repeated and the President came to Rome, relations of the utmost cordiality existed between the two men, and Mr. Wilson discussed at full length with him his opinions in regard to Italy's place at the Peace Conference. Then three months later, like a bolt from a clear sky, came the President's announcement in regard to Fiume and the Italian aspirations. Without any warning the news was received one morning in the Embassy, several hours after the official announcements had been broadcasted over Rome.

Though the intelligence came as a complete surprise and greatly in the nature of a shock, Mr. Page did not for an instant falter. Be what they might in regard to the matter, he would in no way allow his personal feelings to enter into consideration. That he believed in the aspirations of the Italians he did not conceal from those Americans who happened to be near him, but to the Italians he gave no sign of what he felt. To him the President's word was law and must of necessity be obeyed. There was, however, one course left open to him—and that was to go to Paris and lay the whole matter before Mr. Wilson and give him the Italian version of the story.

Within twelve hours, in company with Monsieur Barrere,

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who for many years had been French Ambassador to Italy, he left for Paris. But the minds of the men who sat around the table at Versailles had already been made up and were not in any way to be revised. At that time, it was not in the interest of France to have anything said against the United Kingdom of the Slavs, Croats and Slovenes. The French government sent a telegram to Monsieur Barrere, which met him at the frontier at midnight, telling him to return to his post. Mr. Page was allowed to continue his journey, but when he awoke the next morning he found himself alone—Monsieur Barrere had obeyed orders.

On reaching Paris, Mr. Page took immediate steps to obtain an interview with the President. He imagined that Mr. Wilson would wish to see him and consult him on the events that had so recently taken place in Italy; but no such views seemed to be shared by the President. After waiting in his hotel for over four days he at length obtained an interview. On entering Mr. Wilson's presence he found, as had so many of his colleagues, that he had lost the ear and heart of the President. He, who a few months before had been willing to divulge and ask opinions of the man he had appointed to represent him in Italy, now appeared to be completely estranged. Moreover, he did not wish to hear what the Italians were saying or thinking. His opinion in regard to the matter was already decided and it appeared to annoy him that Mr. Page should hold opinions contrary to his own well-formulated mind.

To the President, the Italians seemed to be merely a grasping people who were determined to gain as much as possible out of the Peace Conference; their representatives merely bargainers for excessive spoils. Of the sacrifices that had been made, of the disasters with which they had met, he cared but little. That Mr. Page was entirely converted to their views and had become more pro-Italian than American, he did not hesitate to doubt.

The point that he failed to grasp was that Mr. Page was there to plead for a cause for which he had striven hard and faithfully for five years. During the whole of his term of

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office in Rome, the Ambassador had worked above all things for a better understanding between the two peoples. Now he realized that all his work had been in vain, that after coming within grasp of the goal for which he had striven, it was to be forestalled by the President's action; and that the friendship between the two countries, built up on the solid foundations of the mutual sufferings of the war, was about to be swept away in one fell swoop.

Personally, he had used every effort within his power to get to know and be known by the Italians. Organized and managed by Mrs. Page and other American ladies, half the Embassy was turned into a supply base where materials sent from home were made into bandages and flannel clothes —at a time when supplies were none too common in the hospitals. They had both worked unceasingly in the cause of Italy and the result had more than justified the ends. The entry into the war was a signal for an outbreak of sympathetic demonstration that lasted for several days and was directed as much towards the personality of the Ambassador as to the United States itself.

For the next eighteen months the task before Mr. Page was none too easy. In October came the defeat at Caporetto—and the partial disintegration of the Italian army. Discouragement and propaganda were fast playing havoc both at the front and in the rear and a strong hand was necessary to stem the tide and turn defeat into victory. It was felt in Italian circles that the American army could not reach Europe in time to be able to be of use and that before long the Austrians would be advancing on the very gates of Milan.

Those were the hardest and darkest hours since the beginning of the war, and Mr. Page proved in every way equal to the task he was called upon to fill. Italy needed friends, friends to slap her on the back and encourage her to continue with the fight. Friends came not in the shape of troops but in the shape of the American Red Cross. What the Red Cross accomplished in Italy is a chapter of history all its own, and quite as remarkable in its way as

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the American Relief Commissions to feed Belgium and the invaded territories of Northern France. It has been frequently stated, and it is quite within the grounds of possibility that the Red Cross saved Italy—brought to her at a crucial moment the very things of which she was most in need, supplied her with her most pressing wants.

But if the Red Cross did a great work for Italy, Mr. Page did much for the Red Cross. He had made a thorough study of the Italian situation months before the United States entered the war, in preparation of just such an event, and he was able to help the Red Cross Commissioners by giving them all that he had learned and by his most valuable advice. Hereafter, the Embassy and the Red Cross pulled together as one man and the work that they accomplished was little short of marvellous. Slowly it came to the minds of the Italian people that they had, in the person of the American Ambassador a real friend on whom they could heavily lean in time of stress and trouble. That for over four years he had made a study of the Italian language so that he was finally able not only to converse but to make all his speeches in Italian was one of the small courtesies that pleased and flattered them. But it was above all his charm of manner and his voice that won their heart. There is something of a close parallel between the well-bred Southerner and his prototype in Italy. The Italian is better able to understand the Southerner's point of view than he is the hurrying-bustling Northerner. Time and impatience are two things that Italy have never been able to grasp, and indeed do not want to grasp. The Southerner has very much the same point of view and consequently the two peoples can well understand each other.

Mr. Page's charm was proverbial. To anyone who ever knew him it stood out above all his other talents. Lawyer, writer, diplomat, he will always be remembered with as great an affection in the minds of the Italian people as he was in his own beloved South for which he had devoted the best years of his life.

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A QUESTION OF PATHOLOGY

ARTHUR RIMBAUD AND HIS BIOGRAPHER

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I

PATERNE BERRICHON! I said to myself after reading a letter from Jean de Gourmont mentioning his death; that is a name I ought not to have forgotten. Accustomed as I was to see Verlaine, year after year, I remembered that I first met Berrichon—whose name was Pierre Dufour—in the calm retirement of that beautiful and fantastic hospital, Saint Louis, which lies, like a little walled city of the Middle Ages, in the midst of the squalid and entertaining neighborhood of the Canal Saint Martin. It was in 1894; Verlaine had finished his *Epigrammes,* where many of his impressions are gaily rendered; Japanese art *"lourd comme un crapaud, léger comme un oiseau;"* the *Ronde de Nuit,* seen at Amsterdam; one on the ballet which is a reminiscence of a certain memorable evening spent at the Alhambra, which recalls deliciously a certain quaint paradox which sums up his poetical view of art: "J'aime Shakespeare," said Verlaine, "mais j'aime mieux le ballet!" I had translated for the Lutetian Society *L'Assommoir* of Zola, and I had my printed proofs with me. I knew a certain amount of *argot,* both from books and from hearing people in Paris use these words: Verlaine was absolutely acquainted with argot. Berrichon much less so. So, it was with chuckles, emphatic and confiding on the part of Verlaine, when, with wild eyelids slanting up and down, he gave me the literal meaning of the words I wanted. If for a moment he hesitated, Berrichon joined in and supplied the word or phrase. I have before me an amusing drawing done by F. A. Cazals—I often met him in Paris—which represents some of the guests at one of Verlaine's receptions in la rue Roger-Col-

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lard; among them are, besides Verlaine, Vicaire, Stephané Mallarmé, Renan, Rachilde, Jean Morias, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and Paterne Berrichon.

Paterne Berrichon was born in 1855 at Isoudan (Indre); he died at la Rochefoucauld on the 30th of July. He touched most of the arts, casually; he was in a certain sense poet, painter and sculptor; he studied painting in 1889 in l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. This he for a time abandoned and began to write verse and prose for those vague magazines which last for several weeks. Only, it is in these varied companies, I find always, when I am in Paris, where one exchanges one's ideas, that men like Berrichon find themselves at home. It is in houses, hospitals and cafes where so many of the ideas and sensations that float in the heated air take visible form and exist. In Paris as I have so often written—the word art meant a very serious and a very definite thing; a thing for which otherwise very unheroic people will cheerfully sacrifice whatever chances they may have of worldly success. So, in Paris, much more than in London, the mere desire to excel, the mere attempt to write literature, is both a moral and an intellectual quality, even if the outcome of it, for the moment, should be but some *pere-utri* in all the shapelessness of the embryo.

I came on Berrichon at times on those famous Sunday nights when crowds of us met in the Soleil d'Or, place Saint-Michel; one always knew him by his flowing red hair and red beard. Verlaine wrote a preface in verse for *Le Vin Maudit,* published by Vanier, in 1896. For some years Berrichon mixed with the Anarchists (intellectual, one must suppose, and without bombs). After his marriage with Isabelle Rimbaud, he printed in 1910 *Les Poèmes De-cadents.* From that time forward his life was spent in increasing Rimbaud's fame, in defending him against calumnies; he wrote the Life of Rimbaud, he printed his letters, he brought out a final edition of *Vers et Prose,* which he annotated. He left two pictures: a fine portrait of Isabelle Rimbaud Berrichon which is now in the Musée du Luxembourg, and a portrait of himself which is in the Musée d'Issoudun.

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He did a bust of Rimbaud, which was erected at Charleville, near the station; during the invasion the Germans destroyed it. Frédérique-Marie-Isabelle Rimbaud was born at Charleville on the 1st of June, 1860; she died on the 20th of June, 1917, at the age of fifty-two, the victim of the invasion of 1914.

Jean-Nicolas-Arthur Rimbaud was born on October 28, 1854, at Charleville, in the Ardennes; he died at Marseilles, at the Hospital of the Conception, on March 10th, 1891, at the age of thirty-seven; the register of his death describes him as *negociant;* as indeed he was, for Rimbaud's wandering life is like one of the Arabian Nights. Before then, as Verlaine told me, Rimbaud was his guest from October 1871, to July, 1872: this genuis of seventeen who astonished the whole Parnasse, Bonville, Hugo himself. On Verlaine his influence was more profound. The meeting brought about one of those lamentable and admirable disasters which make and unmake careers; a meeting, tragic enough, as I can but imagine, in all conscience, which was to end in August, 1873; when there occurred that tragic parting at Brussels which left Verlaine a prisoner for eighteen months. Facts are facts; and there is no getting away from the certainty that the relations between them were by no means equivocal; no doubt as Berrichon in his Life of Rimbaud states: "La laideur du faune des *Fetes Galantes;* sa physique flexueuse feminine un peu et ambigue comme, en vérite et de près, etait sa physique, ont pu autoriser la floraison de ces légendes." Yet, as Verlaine said to me over and over in Paris and in London, the fascination of Rimbaud almost literally overwhelmed him. Verlaine, to those who know, admired and loved him, at any rate to me, was not only a man of immense genius, but a man who sinned with all his humanity; he repented, and it was with all his soul. He had an unparalleled sharpness of sensation which was one of the germs of his creative instinct. To him, spiritual vision and physical light, by some strange alchemical operation, of the brain were one. To him, by some fate which he had not foreseen, it was needful that things should have happened

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as disastrously as they did: the marriage with his girl wife, the passion for drink (which some of Verlaine's friends assured me was partly the result of the continual intoxication of Rimbaud), those other forbidden passions, vagabondage, an attempted crime and that crime's consequence; then his conversion to the Catholic Church, his relapses, poverty, beggary, almost a lower and lower descent into mean distresses. It was on a certain night in 1895, in Paris, in l'Hotel des Mines, when we were drinking rum in Verlaine's bedroom, that he said to me, in that deep almost diabolical voice of his: *Je suis catholique, mais—catholique du moyen-age!*

II

The true life of Rimbaud has been told in the extravagant and invaluable book of an artist of letters, who always wrote under the name of Paterne Berrichon, *La Vie de Jean-Arthur Rimbaud,* 1898. Rimbaud's career was more wonderful than any of the inventions of legends, that have mystified so many readers. Sometime in 1874, after he had published *Une Saison en Enfer* (no sooner was it printed than he destroyed the whole edition, with the exception of a few copies, of which only Verlaine's exists) he wandered in France, England, spent some time in Stuttgart; went to Italy, Vienna, Java, Holland, Sweden, Egypt, Cyprus, Abyssinia and then nothing but Africa, until the final return to France. In his poverty he had been a seller of key-rings in the streets of Paris; in his prosperity he became a merchant of coffee, perfume, ivory and gold in the interior of Africa. In Marseilles he died inch by inch, prophesying, says his sister and repeating "Allah Kerim! Allah Kerim!"

Did he not say—how wise, how fundamental a statement of the man of action who had almost literally killed the poet, whose art had changed into a passion for merchandise, who disappeared because nothing else was left for him but his disappearance—"Action is not life, but a way of spoiling something." "Of spoiling something?" Did he mean his genius? Possibly.

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I am as avid of human document, of l'inédit, as of discoveries, and what I am going to quote from Verlaine's Preface to *Les Illuminations,* 1892, is alone a surprising human document: and, in addition to this, is almost literally what Verlaine himself said to me—remembering his uncertainty as to the existence of Rimbaud—in Fountain Court. "Il a maintenant dans les trente-sept ans et il voyage in Asie Qu'il le sache au cas où il n'en serait rien. Cav nous fumes du second Faust, ingenies de Onic apres avoir été l'immense poète vivant de Méphistophélès! On l'a dit mort plusieurs fois. Nous ignorons ce détail, mais en scrions bien triste. Qu'il le sache au cas où il n'en serait rien. Cay nous fumes son ami et le restons de loin."

I have referred to *Une Saison dans Enfer*: I give Berrichon's splendid praise. "On connaît, par la reimpression sur un exemplaire clandestinement dedicace à Verlaine, cet enorme petit livre de prose, un style correct et incisif comme une lame rougie à blanc, peuplé de riens mortels et de visions prophétiques, ou pas une phrase n'est sans ou sans acide: maléfice d'ouragan, sortilège torrentiel, sorte d'engins alchémique placé au foyer du monde moral et passionnel, revendication forcéné d'une divinité déchue de sa puissance." One has only to rea dthis sentence beside some of Rimbaud's to see how admirably he has caught the torrential rush of such Satanic prose. Rimbaud's life is disorderly; he is always in revolt; his vision soon exhausts itself; he is always even when he is hallucinated and in a state of mental delirium, *rêvant univers fantastiques;* he is *l'enfant terrible;* he has none of the spiritual dislocation of Laforgue's irony. Rimbaud exclaims *l'attends Dieu avec gourmandise!* Laforgue with a lunar gesture throws out this hint: *Il n'y a pas de type, il y a la vie.* Rimbaud, whose prose often seems to become sheer madness, finds himself in the circle of pride in Dante's hell, where he has lost all sense of what on earth is limited, where only the unlimited exists, where he actually imagines he is "no one and some one."

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III

There is something pathological in the case of Rimbaud, as in the case of Gerard de Nerval, as in the case of Paul Verlaine. Writing on Gerard I said: "Every artist lives a double life, in which he is for the most part conscious of the illusions of the imagination; of the illusions of the nerves, nights of insomnia, days of anxious waiting, the sudden shock of an event, any one of those common disturbances may be enough to jangle the tuneless bells of one's nerves." Edmond Lepelltier, whose *Paul Verlaine* (1907) is an absolute masterpiece of prose—they were intimate friends for thirty-six years—gives this sinister vision of Rimbaud. "Arthur Rimbaud seized hold on Verlaine: he was a sinister street Arab, this strange, boyish creature, whose strange verses, savagely colored, bizarre, have recently been disinterred. He had the aspect of one who had escaped from a madhouse. Thin, tall, awkward, he had a robust appetite and an inextinguishable thirst, and withal cold, scornful and cynical, he rapidly dominated Verlaine. He was his evil genius." He adds: "Il y avait aussi en lui du fatal conseilleur des legendes, du satanique compagnon qui euchaîne à sa perte la proie à laquelle il l'est attaché." The quotation is from Racine's *Phèdre;* Racine says that it is "ce qui ai peut-être mis de plus raisonnable sur le thèâtre." The word strikes oddly on us now, but every stage of the passion of Phèdre is reasonable, logical, as only a French poet, since the Greeks, could make it. To return to Rimbaud, it was on the night of November 21st, 1893, when Verlaine arrived at Fountain Court, at half-past two, and stayed up talking to me on my sofa until five in the morning that, when he spoke of Rimbaud, his voice became exultant. He summed up his whole existence in one phrase: *J'ai vécu énormement.* My Petronius happened to be lying in his bedroom; he took it up and put it on the chair by his bedside, saying that it was one of favorite books. Next day he referred to his mad Bohemian gaiety when he was trailing Rimbaud with him over France, Brussels, Germany and England; I remember, in regard to that pilgrimage which ended by a pistol-shot, how very coolly Verlaine spoke of it.

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IV

Isabelle Rimbaud's life was the life of an ardent, passionate, ecstatic, intensely Catholic saint; her passion for Arthur was of the nature of Montaigne's; Rimbaud said of her: "Nous pouvons bien avoir la méme âmepuisque nous avons le même sang." Since Santa Teresa, I have never read anything so wonderful as her heart-rending narrative of the atrocious and unimaginable suffering of her brother. "I knew," she wrote, "this delight is devotion and, above all, I felt the ineffable rapture of loving absolutely a being made of my own blood and sacred—oh! the pure and divine essence of fraternal tenderness!—of loving him in joy, in trial, in misery, as my soul and my heart rushed towards him; of loving him in suffering and in the sickness that never left him; in loving him in agony and in death, in assisting him without weakness and beyond death in executing his will, his simple recommendations, and if God wills it, in dying soon after him of the same death, so as to sleep forever, near him, so as to reassure his unquiet soul that feared I should forget him. Forget him, never! Can I forget my happiness, can I forget him who created in my soul a divine life, Is it not that he is everywhere and in all the marvellous horizons he discovered for me, he, my angel, my saint, my elect, my beloved, my soul!"

Isabelle's first letter to her mother is dated Marseilles, 22nd September, 1891. Rimbaud weeps, sobs as he embraces her, implores her not to abandon him; deceived by the doctors he clings to life with the hope of being cured; they treat him as one to whom, being condemned to death, nothing can be refused. He menaces her that if she leaves him he will strangle himself. "Every morning he begins by telling me the unimaginable things that he imagines has happened in the hospital during the night, that is all he remembers in the delirious state he is in, but he is so obstinate that he always tells me the same absurdities and is irritated if I don't believe them. A profound lamentation escapes from his lips. No one except myself has touched

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him, nor cared for him, nor arranged him, during the day. His fixed idea is to leave Marseilles for Algiers, or Aden or Obock. When he sees the sunshine he says: "I shall be under the earth while you walk in the sunshine!" And it is all day long an incessant lamentation, a nameless despair. It is Sunday the 28th October: let God be a thousand times blessed! The priest has been here and Arthur believes in the Faith. What matters to me death, life, and all the universe and all the world's happiness, now that his soul is saved!"

With a troubled air he says to her: "You must prepare everything, arrange everything in the room. *He must return with the Sacraments.* You must see that they bring candles and lace: and everywhere white linen. I am deadly ill." He no longer blasphemes; he prays to Christ on the Crucifix. This story of the Crucifix reminds me of an adventure of mine with Beardsley one night when we dined on the balcony of the Hotel Henri IV at Arques; he told me that when he was a child, waking at night in the moonlight, he saw a great Crucifix, with a bleeding Christ falling off the wall where certainly there never had been any Crucifix. *Anima naturaliter pagana,* he died at the age of twenty-six, in the arms of the Church: the artist, who mocked at all things with a diabolical irony, died in peace in the last Sacraments of the Church, holding the rosary between his fingers.

From Marseilles, after the amputation of his leg, Rimbaud on the 23rd of July, 1891, is taken back to Roche; the air is sick with heat, the rain pours, the fields are flooded; he takes drugs; his nervous sensibility is over excited; doors and shutters hermetically sealed, lamps and candles lighted, to the soft sounds of a barrel organ he evokes his memories, exposes his plans for the future: his fixed idea is that he must return to Harar. His hallucinations return; one night he gets out of bed to follow his illusions. They rush in at the sound of the heavy fall of his body; he lies naked on the carpet.

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On the 23rd of April, a month after his arrival, he insists on returning to Marseilles. Everything is against him; evil omens and catastrophes. They take the train; his pains are unendurable; his mutilated body aches, every nerve tortures him. They arrive in Paris. In any case they will sleep there that night; but on the way from the station to the hotel, Arthur refuses to spend one night in Paris; they are driven to the station where the express leaves for Marseilles. In profound prostration, it is almost an inert body that is hoisted into the sleeping car. The drug he takes proves useless. Ennui, fasting, feebleness, suffering kindle in him an intense fever; delirium sets in and, during the fearful night when the express carries Rimbaud toward Marseilles, Isabelle, who is with him, kneeling and almost shrivelled up in that minute space, witnesses the most fearful paroxysm of despair and physical torture that can possibly be imagined.

Next morning, when at Lyons, the sun rises and the stars shine on the bridge over the Rhône the traveller, exhausted, stupified in a kind of annihilation, forgets, for several hours, the sad reality. Terrible dreams have perplexed his sleep; nightmares awaken him, bathed with sweat, his mind wanders. The poor sorrowful body, in its martyrdom, tries in vain to move on the narrow bed. The ankylosis accentuates itself. The southern heat is suffocating; they stifle in the narrow compartment. The sleeping car is an infernal prison from which there is no means of escape. Arles, La Camargue, Marseilles. Near on midnight, after the train has stopped, Rimbaud is conveyed to the hospital of the Conception, where he affixes his signature under the name of *Jean Rimbaud*.

This is the letter Rimbaud dictated to his sister, the day before he died, on the 9th of November, 1891. We see a fine, clear-sighted intellect set on one problem: how to get well; then, how to get a little better; and then, how not to get worse; he is terribly aware of every sympton of his disease. So, literally in the final death-throes, this is what he insists on being written.

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"Monsieur le Directeur,

Je viens vous demander si je n'ai rien laissé à votre compte. Je desire changer aujourd'hui de ce service-ci dont je ne connais même pas le nom, en tout cas que ce soit le service d'Aphinar. Tous ces services sont là partout et moi, impotent, malheureux, je ne peux rien trouver, le premier chien dans la rue vous dira cela. Envoyez-moi donc le prix des services d'Aphinar à Suez. Je suis complíment paralysé, donc je désire me trouver de bonne heure à bord, dites-moi à quelle heire je dois être transporté à bord."

The question is, how far Rimbaud himself was abnormal, how far his prose and verse are abnormal. Some supposed he was mad; he certainly inherited a kind of madness: his imagination is cruel, perverse, diabolical, morbid, monstrous. There is hardly one sane sentence in *Une Saison en Enfer* which he wrote in 1877. Take the beginning of *"Deliriums. I. The Mad Virgin. The Infernal Spouse."*

"Listen to the confession of one who is in hell. O Divine Spouse, O my Lord, refuse not the confession of the saddest of your subjects, I am lost. I am drunken. I am impure. What an existence! Pardon, divine Lord, pardon, oh, pardon! What tears! Later, I shall know the divine spouse. I was born His subject. The other can beat me now. At present, I am in the depth of the world. Never were such deliriums nor such tortures as mine. I am the slave of the Infernal Spouse, he who has lost the mad Virgins. He is this demon." One has only to quote, "I have now only to put my imagination and my memories in the grave," to notice how completely he is conscious and how completely he is at the mercy, of that hallucinating rage of vision, vision to him being always force, power, creation, which on some of his pages seems to become sheer madness, and on others a kind of wild but absolute insight. Rimbaud's mother once asked him what *Une Saison en Enfer* really meant. He answered: "J'ai volulu dire ce que ca dit, litteralement et dans tous les sens." Certainly in *Délires* in *Une Saison en Enfer, la vierge folle* is absolutely Verlaine; where the

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wanton soul of Rimbaud, the soul that has intoxicated itself with pagan passions, which has sinned by consenting to follow the spirit in its most perilous speculations, such as the union of Good and Evil, the poet's soul, soiled in the Catholic sense of the word, declares itself to be the mad virgin, dominated by the despotic spirit, by the Infernal Spouse, subjugated by his marvellous heart.

Rimbaud, who drank deep of science, who was an insatiable reader of books, whose curiosity was as insatiable as his vices and his passions, after having seen deeper into questions of the flesh and the spirit than any man at once so young and so mature, unsatisfied with certain aspects of the visible world, attempted to violate the sanctity of the sky, attempted to invent new flowers, a new language, a new flesh. Unlike Verlaine, in whom I found that single, child-like necessity of loving and being loved, all through his life and on every page of his works, Rimbaud loved, on the whole, no one, except himself, Isabelle and Verlaine. The sensuality of Verlaine, brutal as it could sometimes be, was simple rather than complicated, instinctive rather than perverse. Rimbaud's was the exact opposite: preverse, complicated and ferocious. With such men as these, with Balzac and with Baudelaire, there must be no compromise with society; there is a direct antagonism between them; society has a way of becoming antagonistic to Art. Social rules—it cannot be too often repeated—are almost inevitably made by normal people for normal people, and the man of genius is fundamentally abnormal. Baudelaire brings every complication of taste, the exasperation of perfumes, the irritant of cruelty, the very odors and colors of corruption, to the creation and adornment of a sort of religion, in which an eternal Mass is served before a veiled altar. So did Arthur Rimbaud, who was heard, in his last delirium, talking of precisely such visions as those which had haunted his youth, using "expressions of a singular and penetrating charm," to render those sensations of visionary countries, says his sister, Isabelle Rimbaud-Berrichon.

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CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

THERE are two schools of Hughesites. One believes in the iceberg theory; the other in the leopard theory. The first is convinced that the formal, almost frigid and repellant Hughes of 1916 has melted, as does an iceberg when it ages and moves South, and that the Hughes of today is warm, sympathetic and friendly. The second admits that the Secretary of State appears to be a different man than the Presidential candidate of 1916, but it holds the cynical view that a leopard does not change its spots.

Which is right? The answer to this question will throw much light on Mr. Hughes's chances as a Presidential candidate in 1924. Has he developed those warm human qualities so essential to success in a close popular election? Or is he still the man apart from his fellows, immensely capable, to be sure, but lacking the ability to arouse the voters' enthusiasm?

Men do not vote for cold ability. It is a quality which though they may respect they yet distrust. If ability happens to be incidental in a personality which appeals to their emotions, they will not hold it against him. But they want a leader whom they can love and admire; not merely one whom they are forced to respect.

Everyone respects Mr. Hughes. His integrity, his fearlessness, his rigid acceptance of a fixed code of ethics, com-

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NOTE—Beginning with the current number THE FORUM will print a series of twelve articles on the twelve Republicans and twelve Democrats who are most seriously considered at the present time for the presidency. The series opens with a discussion of Secretary Hughes and William Gibbs McAdoo as the two most conspicuous figures in their respective parties at the present time.

The Editor.

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bine to make him a man of unusual and almost austere character. He has a splendid education; he is thoroughly versed in the intricacies of the law; he possesses one of the keenest analytical minds in the country. His experience in public affairs has been long and distinguished. He was a courageous governor of New York. He was an able justice of the Supreme Court. He is one of the greatest Secretaries of State.

For his work in this last named office in particular he is entitled to the highest praise. Probably not since John Quincy Adams have we had a more capable director of our foreign affairs. Mr. Hughes, it is true, has not the wide diplomatic experience that Adams had, but he possesses a mind as keen and insight into realities as penetrating as that of the statesman who helped write the famous Monroe Doctrine.

John Quincy Adams, man of the world despite his New England training, analyzed much as does Mr. Hughes, and applied to his decisions the rigid code of ethics he had inherited from his Puritan ancestors. Men admired him for his great ability and his splendid services, but they could not understand his apparent indifference to his fellows. "I am a man of reserved, cold, austere and forbidding manner," he once confided to his diary. And yet in spite of this Adams became President and was one of the greatest statesmen America has produced.

Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State has had to bring order out of the legacy of chaos inherited from Mr. Wilson. He has had to restore America's shattered prestige. He has had to substitute practical measures for the chimerical projects of Mr. Wilson. In place of a Versailles treaty hopelessly entangled with a League of Nations he has negotiated a treaty with Germany that assures us the rights of the Versailles treaty without its disadvantages. In place of a utopian scheme to end all wars he has brought about the actual limitation of armaments—a constructive contribution to applied idealism such as has never before been

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seen. He removed most of the causes which in the Far East seemed to be leading inevitably to another world war. He established the regional understanding in the Pacific whereby the four great powers agree that differences arising within the described region shall be settled amicably instead of by force. He has prevented a war between Panama and Costa Rica. He has brought together Chile and Peru. He has helped create a friendly understanding among the Central American nations. In Mexico and Russia he has been adamant in his insistance that the accepted practices of civilized nations and the principles of international law must be complied with before the United States accords recognition to either country.

The Hughes method of procedure has been to face conditions as they actually are and endeavor to remove underlying causes of misunderstanding. Instead of trying to force upon a recalcitrant world a panacea for all ills, he has taken up each difficulty separately and thrown the great force of America's prestige into righting it. In all these acts his uncompromising driving power has furnished the impetus of leadership so essential in reshaping our foreign policy.

Would Mr. Hughes make a good President? Yes, if it follows that a brilliant Secretary of State is *ipso facto* good Presidential timber. In the old days the Secretary of State was heir apparent to the President. He received a splendid training in statesmanship. Nowadays, however, the Department of State is only a small compartment of our government. It deals almost exclusively with measures and policies. Its procedure retains many traces of autocracy.

Mr. Hughes would make a good president if tireless industry and intellectual ability are requisites for the position. Certainly his is one of the few good brains in the Republican party. He is relentless in the pursuit of measures and uncompromising in his procedure. Herein has been at the same time his strength and weakness as a Secretary of State. His insistent directness has often staggered foreign offices,

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but his rigidity has sometimes embarassed the execution of his policies.

To be an effective President, however, requires the art of playing with men as well as measures. It demands the ability to compromise. It necessitates the infinite patience that is indispensable in dealing with petty politicians forever thinking only of their selfish interests. Unfortunately such is the speed with which Mr. Hughes' keen mind works, that he is often intolerant of men whose thoughts are slow or devious. He is inclined to be impatient with political complexities and does not always succeed in keeping the full measure of his impatience to himself. Visitors who come in conflict with his sharp brain sometimes leave with the same feeling that school boys have when the teacher has shown them up in some wrong doing.

It is one of the distressing features of the American political system that in order to be President a man must be a candidate (unless he slips in through the Vice-Presidency). To be a candidate he must have not only the support of the people, but also of the politicians. No man today can control a convention for the mere reason that he happens to be the majority choice of the voters in the primaries. He must also be the choice of the politicians of the convention. Furthermore he must start with the support of the party leaders in his own state. But when Mr. Hughes left the governorship in 1910, he and the party machine were equally delighted. The politicians hailed his appointment to the Supreme Court much as Platt welcomed the sidetracking of Theodore Roosevelt in the Vice-Presidency in 1900. Unlike Roosevelt, however, Mr. Hughes seemed as pleased with being thus "shelved" as were the politicians.

In 1916 these gentlemen accepted his resurrection as a matter of expediency. It was worth taking a chance of gaining the prestige and patronage which would fall to them if any New Yorker was elected to the Presidency, even if it meant being shouldered again with Mr. Hughes. The only other available New York man at the time was Theo-

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dore Roosevelt. Under the circumstances, Hughes was clearly the lesser of the two evils.

Can Hughes count on the support of the New York delegation in 1924? Except for the blow struck at the machine by the defeat of Miller, the answer would probably be negative. The Barnes element and its heirs and legatees never liked Hughes. They had thought of Miller as a Presidential candidate partly in the hope that he would offset the Secretary of State. But the Republican machine has had a knockout blow. Its leaders see their prestige sadly shattered. The party in the state once more lacks a strong guiding hand. Thus functioning weakly, it cannot offer effective opposition to a candidate of great potential prestige. In fact, it will probably be forced to turn to such a one in the hope of regaining its own lost power. Those who look back with distaste on the Hughes of 1916, may come to think that his growth as a national figure can be turned to their profit if they take him over and deliver the New York delegation to him. He will have his opponents, of course, and his rivals. Undoubtedly, Nicholas Murray Butler will arise in due time to remind the politicians that Butler is heir apparent to the New York delegation. Senator Wadsworth, also, may feel that the geographical considerations of 1924 do not warrant naming a New Yorker for President, unless, of course, he is a "farmer" from the western part of the state. But such rivalries are inevitable. Mr. Hughes has one asset which the politicians may find of great value. He has not altogether lost his reputation of liberalism through his identification with the Harding administration. He has figured but little in those questions of party policy which might subject him to the charge of being definitely reactionary. To this extent, therefore, he may well figure as a middle ground candidate—a conservative-progressive, or progressive-conservative, or any other variety of non-reactionary, non-radical compromise that may be wanted. As such, he is likely to have the opposition of radicals and conservatives alike.

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Borah, for example, has never praised Hughes with more than formal cordiality. Neither he nor Johnson nor any of the other perennial candidates from the West would welcome the re-introduction of a rival grown powerful through his nation-wide reputation as a Secretary of State. The "Old Guard" on the other hand, may well fear Hughes' liberal leanings. Wasn't he the champion of the Direct Primary in 1908, and hasn't this institution been banned in all good reactionary circles? And didn't he lose California and the 1916 election on account of his unbending disposition? Nevertheless, it may appear that only such a candidate can save the party and for this reason the leaders may have to try to forgive and forget.

What of the man himself? Does he want the office? Whoever has once been bitten by the Presidential bug rarely recovers. The disease is chronic, reappearing about two years before every election. To have been hailed as the chosen candidate of the people only to be turned down when the final returns came in does not rid one of the germ. Mr. Hughes, if he does not seek the Presidency at least is susceptible. Who knows but that this Presidential fever boiling in his blood has been responsible for the strange thawing of the iceberg?

Mr. Hughes undoubtedly is changed. He is softened He is more human. He has either developed or cultivated a geniality which he did not possess six years ago. Senators, recalling the chilling Presidential candidate of 1916, have been amazed to be slapped on the back by the Secretary of State. He has even exchanged stories with them, and laughed with hearty approval at their humor. Some say that in a burst of geniality he once confided that he is the victim of a passion for reading detective stories. The fact that this habit was also indulged in by Woodrow Wilson makes this a weakness of dubious value. He has been photographed on the links of Chevy Chase in golfing togs. Is this not in itself sufficient proof that the story spread abroad that his favorite game was croquet is merely the malicious

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invention of those infallible gossips who make possible books of the mirror school?

But Mr. Hughes possesses two disturbing qualities. He is an indefatigable worker and he has had a rigid ethical training. True politicians distrust both qualities. The industrious man too often outstrips his fellows. Rigid ethics in one high in authority often prove embarrassing to those who approach him with "projects" of their own.

It is known, for example, that Mr. Hughes rises early, walks briskly to the State Department when the weather is good, packs an amazing amount of work into his morning hours, hurries over to the Metropolitan Club for a light and cheap lunch, returns to his office, works until late afternoon, and, unless he has to attend some official function, takes work to his home with him at night. It is also known that Mr. Hughes believes that the fact that a man has an intimate knowledge of foreign affairs is a greater reason for naming him Minister to the Netherlands than the fact that he "delivered" the Arkansas delegation or contributed $10,000 to the campaign fund.

Mr. Hughes undoubtedly has many admirable qualities. He has even certain advantages which may make it impossible for the politicians to overlook him. But in the back of their heads lies unforgotten a remark attributed to one of the great leaders of Mr. Hughes' own party in 1916. "A pair of whiskers," said this man shortly before election, "is

Does a leopard, after all, really change its spots?

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WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

PROBABLY everybody wonders why William G. McAdoo should be the most prominently named Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1924, or even why he should have been named so prominently in 1920. All his affiliations had been capitalistic, yet the labor men were for him. He was strong with Labor, yet Capital liked him. If he runs in 1924 he won't be the candidate of a bloc. He will be a Democrat. Yet the blocs, strange to say, like him. Nobody hates him. In spite of that, he is a strong man who ought to incite hatreds. Strange man. His like has not been seen in America, because not even Andrew Jackson had that faculty of winning blocs, and Abraham Lincoln, who did, preferred not to.

The poor asses who attributed McAdoo's ground-swell to the fact that he was the President's son-in-law knew little about him. He is as different from Wilson as day from night, and when he courted Eleanor Wilson, it is a ten-to-one bet that Wilson did not like it, whatever he may have said. Wilson could not brook a strong man near him. What made the thing worse was that McAdoo had the nerve to disagree with Wilson on most of the President's dearest policies, a thing he could not stand, even from Colonel House or Old Watch-dog Joe Tumulty. These things have only come out since the letters and diaries of Walter Hines Page, and above all of Franklin K. Lane. We know now that the Cabinet was a solid bloc against the President, even at the last Josephus Daniels plucking up courage to stand with McAdoo and Lane. The President's son-in-law was one of the chief leaders in the exposition of

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the opinion of the American people as against that one obstinate man.

As for Eleanor Wilson, the President and the first Mrs. Wilson had trained up all the Wilson girls to think for themselves and fight their own battles. Wilson himself was more or less indifferent to the choices his girls made of their lives. They were all strong-minded and each lived her own life. When Eleanor Wilson picked out McAdoo, many years her senior, for her companion in life, if she told her father it was merely as an afterthought, and this although she was still in her early twenties and McAdoo in middle age. Such a son-in-law could not have been any great slave to a father-in-law who accepted him in an inconsequential dream. Wilson's mind was all full of international visions. McAdoo was a practical statesman, much bent on internal affairs and Eleanor Wilson had a mind which followed her husband, rather than her father.

For all that, McAdoo followed his chief in foreign affairs and remained loyal to the League of Nations idea. Somehow it did not seem to queer him with the opponents of the League in the Democratic Party. It has been the marvel of his career that though he never withheld his mind on any subject he never offended anybody and always had all sides behind him.

This is all certainly due to the quality of the man. There is a strange magnetism or personality or individualism—it is hard to give it a name—which has made him equally acceptable to everybody. Just how good he has been to the Labor outfit it is hard to say, yet they are for him. There is a lucidity and clarity about the way he states his views and a fairness about the way in which he goes after them that generally brings everybody into line. He is, for instance, a friend of Samuel Gompers, and all the big men of the A. F. of L. seem to have swung in line behind him. It must be that they all like, admire and respect him.

This is no mean achievement. Most of his days before his entrance into the Cabinet were spent in service of corpora-

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tions, a thing which doomed Senator Knox and Elihu Root, both single-hearted servants of the public.

McAdoo, though, was a self-made man. The great achievement with which his name is linked was the chaining up of the New York and the Jersey shores. That was capitalistic, but it was not McAdoo's money that went into it. What made that wonderful enchainment was McAdoo's ability to make people believe in him. He himself was nothing but a comparatively young lawyer out of Tennessee with an appealing gift of gab and a marvelous personality. He was not rich, he came of a war-broke Confederate family, and had had to quit his college at eighteen because he could not raise enough money to complete his course. He had worked after that at such political jobs as he and his father's influence could pick up for him.

He had gone to New York, as so many Southerners have, to open his oyster with his sword. Many a young lawyer, Southern or otherwise, has tried that and failed. The young Tennesseean had imagination as well as personality. He used to ramble down on the New York shore and look across at Jersey, twinkling away so near and yet so far, or at the big ferry-boats lumbering heavily across the river. The vision grew and took stronger and stronger hold of him. He could see the thousands of passengers sliding under the river and far up under New York without either the uncomfortable ride or the extra cost.

Well, it was one thing for William Gibbs McAdoo to think these thoughts and dream these dreams and another thing to get the cold, hard bullion that would transmute them into railroads. He had not been in New York for long, however, without making the men of millions acquainted with that powerful personality of his. If he needed more, it would be enough for him to introduce himself. The same magnetism that had struck the first batch would strike still others.

It is not fair, however, to call the McAdoo influence by such names as "popularity" or "magnetism." Unfriendly

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critics called it "McAdoodledom." It matters nothing that the name had a hostile origin. It was still simply a recognition of a quality so rare in American politics and business that it called for a new name. The name was characteristic and stuck. McAdoodledom may have been meant hostilely, but it hung to the target like Old Hickory or Tippecanoe and Tyler Too.

ON A POEM THAT NEVER APPEARED IN PRINT

By JOSHUA KOPOLOV

All poems are but epitaphs
  Of beauty fed or beauty starved;
Along the rushing world's wayside
  I sought to have one carved.

Along the rushing world's wayside
  Where people pass and laugh and cry;
"But no," they said, "there is no room
  Beneath the open sky."

Then sleep in peace, frail haunting wraith,
  Though I can never carve your name
Deep in a hidden place in me
  I feel the words of flame.

O sleep in peace, the winds are far,
  And far the rushing world's wayside,
No one would know that you have lived,
  No one shall know you died!

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THE REPARATIONS CRISIS

By HENRY W. TEMPLE

THREE things have brought Europe to the verge of economic ruin: the loss of man-power and of capital during the four years of war, certain crushing and unworkable provisions of the Peace Treaty, and the continuing fears and jealousies of governments and peoples which have perpetuated old hatreds and created new ones. It is true that the present crisis arises out of the differences of opinion between the British government and the French govrnment concerning Germany's willingness or ability to meet the reparations payments and the measures that ought to be taken to collect from the unwilling or bankrupt debtor.

In the Versailles Peace Treaty Germany specifically accepted the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage which the allied and associated governments and their peoples had suffered as a consequence of the war. The allied and associated governments also definitely recognized in the treaty that the resources of Germany were not adequate to make complete reparation for all such loss and damage. The treaty did not attempt to fix the amount of the damage for which compensation was to be made by Germany, but it did provide that Germany should pay twenty billion gold marks prior to May 1, 1921, and that payment should be made in gold, commodities, ships, securties or otherwise as the Reparations Commission might fix. The treaty further provided that the total amount of damages in addition to the above mentioned tweny billion gold marks should be determined by the Reparations Commission and notified to the German government on or before May 1, 1921.

On January 23, 1921, the Reparations Commission issued a statement showing that prior to December 31, 1920,

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Germany had delivered, in payment of the preliminary twenty billion gold marks, the following ships and commodities:

Coal, estimated at 17,818,840 tons; sulphate of ammonia, 19,000 tons; steamers, sailing vessels and trawlers, 2,054,729 tons gross; river craft and material, 38,730 tons; live stock, 360,176 beasts; seeds, 6,882,588 kilos; dyes and dyestuffs, 10,787,827 kilos; pharmaceutical products, 57,823 kilos; rolling stock (locomotives), 4,571; rolling stock (freight cars) 129,555; motor lorries, 5,000; railway material, 140,000 tons; agricultural machinery, machines and implements, 131,505. In addition, the Commission's statement showed that Germany had delivered the submarine cables under German control, of which only those privately owned were to be credited to reparations. The statement of the Reparations Commission further said that the list did not include certain other deliveries for which figures were not yet completely determined. In addition to these deliveries there were others not to be credited to the payment of the twenty billion gold marks, but which were in the nature of restitutions to France and Belgium of agricultural material, industrial material, locomotives and freight cars, to compensate for those seized by Germany in territory belonging to France and Belgium.

Conflicting estimates were placed upon the value of these payments in kind but there is no doubt that they fell far short of the twenty billion gold marks required.

On May 10, 1921, Germany, under pressure, accepted the estimate made by the Reparations Commission of the additional reparations which the Commission fixed at the sum of one hundred and thirty-two billion gold marks (about thirty-three billion dollars). This sum was covered by bonds which were to be issued in three series. Series A, amounting to twelve billions, and Series B, amounting to thirty-eight billions, bearing interest at five per cent, were delivered to the allied governments. The bonds of Series C, amounting to eighty-two billions of gold marks, were also

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to be delivered by November 1, 1921. They were to be without interest coupons and it was provided that they should be issued by the Reparations Commission "as and when it is satisfied that the payments which Germany is required to make in pursuance of this schedule are sufficient to provide for the payment of interest and sinking fund on such bonds." Annual payments were to be made as follows: A fixed sum of two billion gold marks, plus a variable payment amounting to twenty-six per cent of the value of German exports which, it was estimated, would amount to another billion. These annual payments were really sufficient only to cover the five per cent interest on bonds of Series A and B and to provide an additional one per cent toward the amortization of these bonds. The payment was not sufficient to provide anything for the additional eighty-two billions of gold marks of the bonds of Series C. Payment of the first billlion was made within the specified time but almost immediately Germany began to assert her inability to make further payments as they became due and there has been conference after conference, postponement after postponement until the present time. The French government has shown more and more inclination to take stronger measures for the collection of these payments, and the possibility of independent action by that government is a serious element in the European situation.

Of the proposal to occupy the Ruhr Valley the British Prime Minister said to the House of Commons: "We cannot look with equanimity upon any action which seems to us likely, or which we believe will have the effect, not of producing reparations but making them more difficult to get, perhaps making them impossible altogether." The Prime Minister continued: "I believe, and think that almost everyone believes, that the terrible trouble in Europe is that there is no hope of any solution unless France and we get together. I am perfectly sure of this, and I and the government which I represent, will be acting according to the wishes of the whole nation if we make clear that the

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difference is more serious than a difference between governments. The difference likely to arise is the difference between the public opinion of two countries, and we are looking from the point of view of maintaining good relations. That makes it more dangerous than if the only question were the difference of opinion between individuals and governments and that is the reason, I am sure, we at home and the French government will utilize the time that still remains to try to find some common method to deal with this problem."

The British Premier recognizes that the German government has allowed a tremendous inflation of its currency to take place, which has the effect in itself of making it impossible for Germany to meet any claims for reparations. He says also that the French go further and say that this was deliberately done by Germany, but he adds: "Honestly, I cannot myself take that view; and this is the reason: It is perfectly true that by that method of passive resistance they can avoid forever paying any indemnity, but it only means what is very like suicide for Germany. I can hardly believe that any sane Government would deliberately adopt that course."

Even in this statement of the differences between his own opinion and that of the French government we may observe some progress toward agreement. It is only a few weeks ago that many persons in France and even observant travelers in Germany were divided in opinion as to whether Germany was unable to pay or was really prosperous. It was pointed out that the German stores were full of customers making purchases, that there was almost no unemployment in Germany and that in general business was active. This was true. Business was feverishly active, but the activity had peculiar causes. In the middle of August the mark was worth one thousand to the dollar. At the present time a dollar will buy more than eight thousand marks. The German people had realized that the fall in the value of the mark had only begun. In August and

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September they were spending their money as rapidly as possible lest it become worthless in their hands. The depreciation of the mark is of course registered in an increase in the price of commodities as that price is measured in marks. It was wise for the German people to buy today all that they needed to buy, or all the goods they could possibly make use of in the near future because their money today would buy two or three times the quantity of goods that it would procure a month or two later. Merchants realized what was going on and in many instances stores were closed against the rush of customers in order that the goods might be held for the higher prices of tomorrow. The merchant indeed would have been better off if he could have closed his store altogether and kept the goods in his possession rather than exchange them for money that was growing more and more worthless. He was unable to do this, however; he must sell his goods in order that he might have the means of buying food for his own family, even though he realized that he was eating up his capital and must ultimately go out of business. One of the keenest observers in the diplomatic corps in Berlin, an experienced business man and sound economist, said to me early in September that Germany was about six months behind Austria on the road to economic collapse. I had just returned from Vienna to Berlin and his statement meant much to me.

My cab fare from the railway station to the hotel in Vienna amounted to thirty-six thousand crowns. A very modest breakfast was twenty-seven thousand crowns. A room in the hotel was two hundred and twenty thousand crowns a day. These prices mean nothing when translated into American currency at the rate of eighty thousand crowns to the dollars. When so translated they throw no light whatever on the economic situation in Austria. It is only when prices are translated into the terms of Austrian income and the changes of value are thought of with reference to contracts and securities that the situation becomes at all apparent. A note secured by mortgage in 1915 called

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for two hundred and fifty thousand crowns, which, at par, would be fifty thousand dollars. The mortgage was paid off in August, 1922, and full payment of the two hundred and fifty thousand crowns was made. Translated into terms of American exchange this means that a note for fifty thousand dollars was paid with three dollars and twelve and one-half cents. A pension of thirty thousand crowns was equivalent before the war to six thousand dollars in American money. The pension is still paid and still amounts to thirty thousand crowns a year, but the year's income will pay for only one breakfast at the hotel. Wages have gone up, it is true, but not at all in proportion to the increase in prices. A manufacturer in Vienna told me that he was paying to the skilled workmen among his employees about four hundred thousand crowns a week but he added that while this would probably buy food for the workman's family it would not pay for the replacing of wornout shoes and clothing. The middle class, people living upon fixed incomes, have of course had no such readjustment as the working people have had in their advance in wages and the result is that there is no longer a middle class.

Since September Germany has made rapid progress toward the condition that Austria had already reached, but the importance of Germany in the industrial and commercial organization of the world is so much greater than that of Austria that the economic destruction there, involving sixty million people, destroying both their power to produce goods for the world's use and their power to purchase surplus products of other countries, would have a far greater effect in Western Europe and America than the collapse of Austria. The crisis is much more than a political one involving the future relations of France and Great Britain, with the possibility of again disturbing the peace of the world. It is also an economic crisis which, even if war is not to be thought of, threatens disaster to the material side of the world's civilization.

The question involved is bigger than that of reparation

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for damage done by the war. It is more important to America than the question of cancellation or payment of the war loans, but that statement does not mean that the war loans should be cancelled or that the reparation payments should not be collected. It is far too soon to say that recuperation is impossible. Quick recovery of course must not be expected. The people of all the world should realize as early as possible that no act of any congress or parliament can at once set the world back on its foundations so that we may proceed as if there had been no war. The immediate political crisis requires the prompt exercise of all the qualities of statesmanship, the restoration of prosperity however must be a slower process. Not only must statesmen realize but also the masses of the people must be convinced that such restoration can only come when the hundreds of billions of wealth destroyed by the war have been replaced —have been again created and accumulated by long continued industry and saving.

Payments of immense sums by one nation to another, whether in reparation for war damages or for credit upon war loans, cannot be made at once. They must be waited for with long patience. The total amount of indebtedness of all European countries to the United States, including war loans, the sums due from sales of war supplies and from sales of flour by the United States Grain Corporation and other items, and including interest as well as principal, has now reached the enormous sum of eleven billions, five hundred and twenty-five millions. The French government owes the United States three billions, seven hundred and seventy millions of this, the British government owes us four billions, seven hundred and forty-seven millions, and Italy owes one billion, eight hundred and ninety-one millions. The remainder of the immense sum is owed by seventeen other European nations. Great Britain is the only power of the twenty that has begun to pay interest on the obligation.

If the reparation bonds of Series C, amounting to eighty billion gold marks, are to be canceled entirely (and there

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are signs that European public opinion may be ready for such a step), the remaining obligations represented by the bonds of Series A and B amount to fifty billion gold marks or approximately twelve and one-half billions of dollars. This sum owed by Germany is larger than the total owed to the United States by the twenty European nations. If the victors, who among them have already received from Germany more than one billion gold marks and the several billion marks in value represented by the payments in kind mentioned above, are unable to pay even the interest on eleven and one-half billions it would appear reasonable that Germany may be unable to pay any large part of the reparations amounting to a still greater sum. It will be generally recognized in America that there would be no injustice in collecting from Germany the whole of the one hundred and thirty-two billions of gold marks (thirty-three billions of dollars) named by the Reparations Commission as necessary to cover the damage for which Germany was responsible, if collection were possible. But if attempts at immediate collection by force would precipitate ruin that would affect not only Germany but Western Europe and America as well, then it is to be devoutly wished that the conference adjourned at London because of disagreement between France and Great Britain may be resumed later with a better hope of reasonable adjustment.

There is increasing demand that the United States take part directly or indirectly in a conference which shall deal with this subject. Doubtless some among those that make this demand believe that the United States should shoulder the greater share of the financial burden. An international loan to Germany is suggested. There is no likelihood that the government of the United States will tax the American people or will issue bonds to raise the large sum necessary for this purpose. There is no likelihood that private interests will make such a loan to Germany unless there should be a guarantee of such an arrangement concerning reparations as would permit Germany to use the loan for productive pur-

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poses, that is, to restore sound conditions in Germany, and unless there should be a further guarantee that when Germany has done this no power will send a military force into Germany to seize and control the industries thus restored. We in America cannot live as if we were not a part of the world. We must be willing to use our resources and our energies in co-operation with European nations to prevent the wreck that threatens civilization, but we must avoid such participation as would rouse in America jealousies and hatreds from which our geographical position and our international policy in the past have kept us free.

THREE POPLARS

By PIERRE LOVING

I saw three poplars in a field.
"She is wind-sought and slow to yield
As these," I said, "who sieve a patch
Of far blue sky that's hard to match."
Here where poise austerities
Her lithe foot is a deer a-leap
Yet friend to grass, as cropping sheep.

She leans toward beauty. I count three
Clear moods: one makes a poplar tree
And one runs sap in a dark yew
And one's acacia filled with dew.

I saw three poplars standing nigh
Young waters near a field of rye:
They're comelier so than ten swathed acres
Of mown fields after the haymakers
Have trudged home in the purpling west . . .
Yet I must grasp remote things lest
I think on poplar trees that whet
The sharp pang of her silhouette.

I see three poplars. World that grows,
Will she love me when the sun goes?

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THE CUTTLEFISH SCHOOL OF WRITERS

By N. P. DAWSON

HOW true it is that one-half of the world does not know what the other half reads; how true and perhaps how fortunate.

A literary event of the greatest magnitude happened during the past year, one which it is believed will profoundly influence all future writing, which is to introduce a new form of writing, to produce a new kind of writing altogether, so new and so strange, indeed, that it may not be recognized as writing at all.

And yet, and yet—literally millions of men and women will doubtless live and have happiness and contentment in their lives, go to the movies and read Dickens, and die, without ever having heard of this literary event of great magnitude. Or if they have heard of it, they will not greatly be disturbed by it. They will go on reading Dickens.

We are referring, of course, to Mr. James Joyce's novel, called "Ulysses"—or rather it should be said to Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses," called a novel. For "Ulysses" is unlike any novel ever before written in the history of the world.

It looks like a camel. It is backed like a weasel. Yes, in truth, it is "very like a whale."

Not dissimilar were the comments passed upon Mr. Joyce's book when it loomed on the literary horizon. Very like a whale, indeed, in its Brobdingnagian size and huge formlessness. It seemed perfectly safe to settle on the "whale," and as such Mr. Joyce's book was hailed by our eager young captains of literature, who, like the old man in Herman Melville's story, "Moby Dick," are forever snuffing up the wind for whales; especially for the great White Whale; for something extraordinary.

So, to change the figure of speech, and perhaps to stretch the point, like young birds in the ecstacy of feeding time,

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the young captains, with one accord, stretched their thin necks, opened round mouths, and, notwithstanding the enormous size, said Peep-peep, and swallowed "Ulysses" whole! The miracle of the whale with Jonathan was nothing compared with this of the young captains with "Ulysses."

At least the young captains made a brave gesture of swallowing "Ulysses." But there is no telling what went on under their hats, and it might even have been permissable to inquire:

"Is it weakness of intellect, Birdie, I cried,
Or a tough little worm in your little inside?"

There could be no doubt as to the toughness of "Ulysses"—this mystifying jumble of half a million words, filling more than seven hundred pages, describing a single day in a man's life—but what a day! The story follows the stream of not only the man's conscious life, but of his unconscious life; his unconscious thoughts, which are affrighting.

But young captains of literature are nothing if not courageous and likewise heroic. They will stick at nothing, provided only that the author himself sticks at nothing and will put it all in, spill it all out. They will worship any calf, if it be three-legged, or has some other interesting abnormality. They are not unlike the Tories described by Macaulay in his essay on Chatham, who having been inclined to king-worship, and having long felt with pain the want of an idol before whom they could bow themselves down, "were as joyful as the priests of Apis when, after a long interval, they had found a new calf to adore." The tom-toming for Mr. Drieser has grown weaker and weaker, and "Jurgen" is no longer suppressed, so where is the interest in that now? The time was ripe for "Ulysses."

However in honesty it cannot be said that the young captains were joyful over "Ulysses"; solemn comes nearer to being the word. Let us say "Ulysses" in this country was received with solemn joy. Young men walked and talked in hushed tones, in academic groves, of the tremendous significance of "Ulysses." It was agreed that nothing more sig-

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nificant had ever appeared in the literature of any country. The book, it was said, was bound to have a profound influence on all future writing. Especially the novel could never be the same after "Ulysses." The fear was even expressed that novels might cease to be written after "Ulysses," since, as Arnold Bennett said, "In his book Mr. Joyce has told everything—everything." Whereupon young women, with a graceful gesture of despair, declared they could never be persuaded to write another line—after "Ulysses."

It may even be that Mr. Joyce had some such unholy purpose in writing his book—to damn up the floods of literature forever. Perhaps he wrote "Ulysses" in a mood of bitterness, with loud laughter, and intended it to be one huge guffaw at all the ant-like men and women busy with their little books, and all the captains cheering them on.

For every known, and unknown, style of writing is in "Ulysses," from very free verse to very solid prose. The last nearly fifty pages are already named as one of the curiosities of literature, being, as they are, written without a stop; without a capital letter or a paragraph or a punctuation mark or break of any kind. Nor are the punctuation marks put at the end, with the injunction of that old writer to his readers to "pepper and salt" to suit themselves. The book ends in a great Sargasso sea of words, supposed to be the topsy-turvy, horrible ravings of a woman in child birth.

Among the known kinds of writing in Mr. Joyce's book are colloquialisms and slang, and it drops at least once into an American negro dialect as astonishing as Mr. Drinkwater's in his play, "Abraham Lincoln." For example:

"Ludamassy! Pore piccanninies! Thou'll not be telling me thot. Pold veg! Did ums blubble bigsplash crying tears cos frien Padney was took off in black bag? Of all de darkies Massa Pat was verra best. * * *"

While, after a sentimental narrative like that of "Gerty MacDowell"— who had kind fate but willed her to be born a gentlewoman," etc., etc.—the story jumps into the following:

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"Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus.

"Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit.

"Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa!"

To whom else could that "hoopsa, boyaboy" be addressed if not to the young captains? Some verse in "Ulysses" contains the ineffable line, "Last rose Castile of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone"—and concludes with the following:

"Rrrpr. Kra. Krandl.

Then, not till then. My eppripfftaph.

Done.

Begin!"

After which the reader may come suddenly upon a prose passage such as this: "Smack. She let free sudden in rebound her nipped elastic garter smackwarm against her smackable warmhosed thigh"; or this: "At four she. Winsomely she on Bloohimwhom smiled. Bloo smi qui go. Think you're the only pebble on the beach. Does that to all. For men."

The American woman in Paris who published Mr. Joyce's book apologized on a fly-leaf for the typographical errors," unavoidable in the exceptional circumstances." The words might serve as a trade-mark for all works of this sort. It is recalled that our own Mr. Waldo Frank's "Rahab," was similarly preceded by a list of errors, "unavoidable in the exceptional circumstances." In his poem, "The Waste Land," which has recently been awarded as "meeting some need of the American people," Mr. T. S. Eliot takes almost as many pages to explain his poem as are filled by the poem itself. And even then the line that reads, "Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays," is not explained, nor are there any side references, as for so many

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of the other passages, to Ecclesiastes, Milton, or Frazer's "Golden Bough" to elucidate the following tuneful passage:

"O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter.
They bathe their feet in soda water."

But the happy reader, in books like "Ulysses," "Rahab," and even in "The Waste Land," may go his way unmindful of mistakes where all looks a little queer. It may be humiliating for anyone to have to confess that he could read a book through without realizing that anything was wrong—that is more than usually wrong; but honestly would doubtless demand this confession in the case of Mr. Frank's "Rahab," in which the following list of "errata" was inserted.

"Page 57, second line from top, 'stook' should read 'stood."

Page 113, eighth line from top, reading "the cigarette smoke, closed them, sat down," should be eliminated entirely, and the line should read "deliberate they beat against her hips."

Page 147, twelfth line from top, "shadow" should read "shallow."

But "beneath her a weathercock stood still" sounds all right—or as right as anything in the book; althought on Page 113 the reader familiar with Mr. Frank's work might have known it was time for him to refer to his favorite "hips." Nor on consideration will "his deep was lost in her shallow" seem much improvement on "His deep was lost in her shadow." A characteristic passage from "Rahab" which is a story of the lady who put the sign of scarlet in her window is the following:

"The hall was a long shadow beyond the glow of them standing. He was quiet waiting, not sheer against her: his shaggy coat poured the street's coldness. She was a dim thing about eyes. * * * In the break of her hip, standing, a Heppelwhite desk. * * * A quiet pain in the table and her words. * * * He was understanding deeper he could

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not understand. * * * She sat he thought with grace athwart the table. * * * A vast openness was upon her flank. * * *"

But a comforting thought for a bewildered reader is that he is not expected to understand books like "Ulysses" and its inevitable spawn. We are told that the authors of this new style of writing are not so much writing at all as expressing themselves; expressing their sub-conscious as well as their conscious selves; sticking at nothing as Mr. Bennett says, but telling "everything—everything"; what Mr. Colby calls the "barnyard simplicities" of the sex relations, and also the barnyard simplicities of nature's functioning.

If an author of this new school should find that he was understood, it is said that he would consider he had failed. He writes for himself alone. Why should the books of such an author be published and sold, or even be "privately printed, for distribution among charitable friends," a bewildered reader may ask. Why should the innermost thoughts of such an author not be kept for himself alone? But these, of course, are stupid questions.

So well known an editor and critic as Mr. John Middleton Murry, who was one of the first men in England to stake his reputation on his judgment that "Ulysses" is one of the great literary masterpieces of our time, divides modern writing into the comprehensible and the incomprehensible, and says:

"To-day literature is divided into the comprehensible and the incomprehensible. The incomprehensible part is written on the definite assumption that the writer's duty is wholly toward himself; or, as he generally prefers to put it, toward his art. He writes to satisfy a purely personal impulse of self-expression. He writes, just as he chooses the color of his wall-paper, to please himself alone. He does not hope to be understood, and he says to himself with a resignation in which there is a tinge of pride, that no really original writer ever was understood."

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Still again, the query will arise, why, if Mr. Joyce or another wants to choose the color of his own wall paper, others should be asked to pay for it? For even the Joyces must live. And that was a pretty story brought back from Paris that after the publication of "Ulysses," in its de luxe limited edition, Mr. Joyce and Mrs. Joyce and all the little Joyces appeared at a favorite cafe, in newly creased store clothes, and ordered champagne. "At last," we can hear the author of "Ulysses" exclaim—this embittered Dubliner exiled in Paris—"at last I have pulled their legs aplenty."

Mr. Hugh Walpole, who has at least written some respectable novels, on his recent lecture tour in this country, said that he did not think in writing "Ulysses," the author was obviously aiming at pulling legs. He said if it was leg-pulling Mr. Joyce was after, he could have accomplished this with much less labor than was manifestly put into "Ulysses." He seemed to think that legs were dangling all around the world of modern letters, waiting, even yearning, to be pulled. And right here the horrible suspicion will intrude, whether it is possible that it is not the legs of the critics that are being pulled, but it may be the critics are pulling the legs of the public?

It is our personal suspicion that Mr. Joyce and his imitators, may be reincarnations of those numerous secretaries described in "Gulliver's Travels," who were employed at the University, in one of the strange lands visited, to manipulate the ingenious invention of the learned professor. "Everyone knew," as we read in Gulliver, "how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labor, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study."

The machine or engine was so contrived that as the secretaries pulled the forty or more handles, the words printed on the squares of wood, without any order, were constantly shifted into new combinations; with the result of some truly

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remarkable compositions. The heresy has occurred to us more than once, whether writing a novel like "Ulysses," in which the author tells everything, may be as difficult a matter as writing a "regular novel," as Stevenson's nurse would say; a novel with romance and plot and development and a happy ending.

All of these things are said to be in "Ulysses"—"philosophy, poetry, politics, mathematics, theology," and much beside. One of the first reviewers of the book in this country sought to praise it by saying he had learned "more psychology and psychiatry" in "Ulysses" than from ten years in a neurological institute. Which once again gives pertinency to the question: What is a novel, anyway? Are we to go to a novel to become educated in neurology, to become experts in pathology, to fit ourselves to serve on insanity commissions?

We do not think so, and as we have said, millions will live and die without ever having heard of, much less read, "Ulysses," or "Rahab," or the prize poem that has supplied "some need to the American people," or such truly patriotic poems as the "Three United States Sonnets," by Mr. E. E. Cummings:

when you rang at Dick Mid's place
the madam was a bulb stuck in the door.
a fang of wincing gas showed how
hair in two fists of shrill color
clutched the dull volume of her tumbling face
scribbled with a big grin, her sow-like
eyes clicking mischief from thick lids.
the chunklike nose on which always the four
tablets of perspiration erectly sitting.
—if they knew you at Dick Mid's
the three trickling chins began to traipse into the cheeks—

But why more? A line more or less in "sonnets" of this variety does not matter. The fourteenth line of this "United States Sonnet" is "Her handless wrists did gooey severe

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shapes." Mr. Cummings is the author of "The Enormous Room," the book alleging to describe the horrors of a French prison camp, but which is as much of a novel as "Ulysses" is a novel. A striking narrative in many respects, it still reveals the same abnormalities as the author's verse, abnormalities which some will read as genius, but which are more likely a cunning substitute for genius.

For given a degree of talent, there is an increasing school of writers who imitate the cuttlefish, and conceal their shortcomings by "ejecting an inky fluid," which is the definition the dictionary gives of a cuttlefish. The Cuttlefish School would not be a bad name for these writers who perhaps not being as great geniuses as they would like to be, eject their inky fluid, splash about and make a great fuss, so that it is difficult to tell what it is all about, and it might as well be genius as anything else.

It is all a little hard on readers, particularly earnest readers; and harder still on critics. How criticize asterisks, how quote exclamation points, how analyze smells, how dwell upon the beauty of goddams? Perhaps "Ulysses" should be left to the learned neurology doctors, and books like "Rahab" and Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles" should be turned over to insanity experts. When anyone can read a book without being able to distinguish between passages that are doubtless intended to be pure poetry and plain printers' errors, this would seem to be the thing to do. Or perhaps as Mr. Murry suggests, such books should be left to the enjoyment and edification of the authors themselves.

But only five, or at the most ten people, need worry about the profound significance of "Ulysses," and the influence it is to have on the literature of to-morrow. "Ulysses" is so great that, according to its learned neurological reviewer, probably not ten men or women out of a hundred could read it through, and of the ten who succeed, "five of them will do it as a tour de force." The reviewer boasted that he is one of the five, and in fact "is the only person aside from the author that has ever read it twice from beginning to end."

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Moreover, "the average intelligent reader will glean little or nothing from it—even from careful perusal, one might properly say study of it—save bewilderment and disgust."

So here it is, "the most important contribution that has been made to fictional literature in the twentieth century," and no intelligent person is going to be able to read it. Mr. John Middleton Murry, after his first exultation, has now conceded that "Ulysses" is a "museum piece." By museum piece is understood something under glass, in a case; if a book, with perhaps only the title-page showing—and perhaps not that.

But it occurs to us, why should museums suffer? We recall an essay by the late W. N. P. Barbellion on the passion of perpetuation, in which he had figured out that if the present rate of accumulation was maintained, the British Museum would cover an area, within not so many years, larger than that now occupied by all London; and the Encyclopedia Brittanica alone would need to be housed in a building as large as the Crystal Palace. A few books of the size of "Ulysses" would in the course of time need a building at least as large as the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York.

However, we are no more scared by the new novel than we are by the new theatre. A few piping voices seem determined that the new theatre shall be everything but itself—a circus, a ballroom incident, or something that happens on the stairs—as in John Barrymore's "Hamlet." So there are those who are equally determined that the new novel shall be everything, and anything, but what the novel has been in the past.

There is no great cause to worry. Not more than five or ten people will be able to read the new novel. Its proper place will be under glass in a museum, instead of on the open shelves of a circulating library. In many cases its price will be prohibitive for most people. In many cases it will be "privately printed" and circulated among a select number of readers who may not cut the pages—since uncut

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editions bring higher prices. Comstockery would not worry if it realized how many fortunate possessors of books of this variety never cut the pages at all, and only read as much as can conveniently be glimpsed around the edges.

The desire possesses us to return to this planet some years after we have departed from it, and see how it fares with "Ulysses" and "Rahab" and "The Waste Land," and "Gargoyles," and other works that are said to meet some need of the American people. Would we even find "Ulysses" under glass in a museum? Would we find "Rahab" at all? Would lines from "The Waste Land" or a sonnet by E. E. Cummings be quoted in anthologies? Would anyone be continuing Ben Hecht's novels as Sir Harry Johnston is carrying on with Dickens now? Even as one of Max Beerbohm's "Seven Men," in his book of this title, we would visit the museums and libraries to see how many of the literary celebrities of our own day would be catalogued, except in some such vague and humiliating form as in Mr. Beerbohm's story: Ben Hecht—let's see . . . Waldo Frank—who was he . . . "Ulysses"—oh yes, that will be found among the classics.

CASTLE ILLUSION

By WALTER F. KOHN

Perhaps this mist-made magic light that falls
slowly and mellowly on moss-grown walls
is some wild splendor these old castles wear
like haloes on their hair . . .

Perhaps this velvet stillness that enthralls
your soul somewhere in sombre storied halls
speaks with unfailing music that adorns
your silent moods
like fine tonalities from muted horns . . .
as listening woods
hush whisperings of hidden waterfalls . . .
as sunsets die,
hosannaed in some far neglected sky . . .

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*TRADE UNIONISM**

THIS is an interesting work principally because it is a record of industrial disputes in our country. It records the first American labor strike in 1741 and from that year to the present hour gives the chronology of our labor and trades union troubles. It would seem that some of our present day citizens have an idea that the labor movement has been and is largely political. To some extent this may be true, but as far back as 1828 Professor Perlman records that the Mechanics' Union of Trade Associations "had served as a preliminary for a political movement, the General Trades' Union took especial precaution and provided in the constitution that 'no party, political or religious questions shall at any time be agitated in or acted upon in the Union.' Its official organ, the *National Laborer,* declared that 'the Trades' Union never will be political because its members have learned from experience that the introduction of politics into their societies has thwarted every effort to ameliorate their conditions.' "

In an experience of thirty years in journalism in all parts of this country, I have found too many labor leaders who believe that their intricate problems could be solved by politicians and politics—this to their very great disappointment. Labor men do not vote as labor men; they vote as the platforms of the two major parties appeal to them, for their own domestic and personal welfare. On the other hand, I have met scores of politicians who could not be convinced that they do not and cannot control the labor vote. No politician or group of politicians can control the labor vote. No labor leader can control the labor vote. No employer can control the labor vote, and the quicker this is understood, the quicker this thought and this fact becomes part of the mental make-up of all concerned, the sooner will our labor problems be solved. It may be said that some of our labor problems may be influenced in their settlement by the work of politicians. That may be true, but I very much doubt it. Our labor problems are economic, entirely, wholly, absolutely that and nothing more. It is very true that many of our labor people join political organizations. They do this in an effort to influence that organization in their behalf; and for identical reasons why should not our business men, our employers, join political

* "A History of Trade Unionism in the United States," by Selig Perlman, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Economics in the University of Wisconsin; Co-author of the History of Labor in the United States. The Macmillan Company.

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organizations, if for no other reason than to present their side of the economic problems? It is the opinion of many experienced publicists that a vast majority of our politicians have no complete or thorough understanding of the fundamentals of the differences between employer and employee—differences which have been going on for scores of years, and which apparently are no nearer a final settlement than we are approaching the millenium. THE FORUM had a splendid article several months ago tracing the decline of trades unionism in England and giving the causes of the decline —the refusal of the leaders to permit their men to turn out the full production which England, the people of England, even the members of trade union organizations, must have if the cost of living is to decline and if England is to come back as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, powers the world has ever seen. Professor Perlman's book demonstrates that the cause of labor, the cause of trades unionism has ebbed and flowed in our country for more than a hundred and fifty years; that it has ebbed and flowed naturally as the prosperity of our country has progressed or has slipped back in periods of business depression. Immediately after Armistice Dry Mr. Gompers demanded a drive to increase the membership of the American Federation of Labor from three millions to five millions, and this drive has proved a very great disappointment. Talk with many labor union men and women and you will find that they complain of the inequality as to the efficiency of many of their members. And yet the hide-bound rule which approaches Socialistic levelism demands that the inefficient must receive equal pay with the efficient prevails; this is the canker in labor organizations and trade union organizations, for it is contrary to the human spirit and opposed to human aspiration.

I feel that Professor Perlman has uttered a false note in his work when he asserts "Labor needs protection from interference by the courts in the exercise of its economic weapons, the strike and the boycott, upon which it is obviously obliged to place especial reliance." Is not Professor Perlman perfectly aware that the American people will not accept such a doctrine? Does he not know that the people of this country believe in their courts and will sustain them? He must certainly know that antagonism attracts antagonism, and that force attracts force. The courts have been established by the Constitution of the United States and by the various state constitutions for the protection of all the people. They have not been established for the protection of a class, whether employer or employee. How would it be if some writer of Professor Perlman's high intellectuals should declare that capital could disregard the decisions of the courts? There would be a revolution, I apprehend. And in this matter Labor stands on no better ground than Capital. For many years Capital perpetrated all sorts of peculiarly intolerant acts, until the people became aroused and as a result came the Interstate Commerce Law, the Clayton Act, the Federal Reserve

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Law, and other measures which checked Capital, checked the employer. Just so with Labor, some of whose leaders have essayed to follow in the arrogant footsteps of Capital, or the employer. Such a course has not been and will not be tolerated by the American people, and the quicker Professor Perlman accepts this statement as an utterly truthful record of the American people since the foundation of the Government, the better for all concerned. The right to strike does not carry with it the right to make war. This was clearly shown in the recent railroad shopmen's strike, one result of which has been the recommendation of President Harding that the Transportation Act be amended to include an anti-strike clause so that the people of the United States shall not be put to discomfort and subjected to unhealthful conditions. Let us hear from a practical labor man on this subject of force—Secretary of Labor Davis. Declaring the nation "must find a way to avert these futile, fatal appeals to force in industry," the Secretary has recommended to Congress in his annual report that the conciliation machinery of the Federal Government be so expanded as to enable it to handle effectively nationwide industrial disputes. "No better example of the futility of these appeals to force can be found," said the Secretary, "than the recent strike of the bituminous coal miners. After months of suspended industry, the 600,000 striking coal miners returned to their work without a single change having been effected in wages or conditions of employment. It has been the experience of the Department of Labor that disinterested, intelligent, practical conciliation is capable of ending many of these disputes." The Secretary, at one time one of the humblest workers in the ranks of labor has sounded the major chord of plain American sense. Professor Perlman's utterance reflects the thought which has wrecked the continent of Europe. It will not be tolerated by the American nation. Our labor union problems will never be permanently settled until employer and employee, either individually or through straightforward representative upstanding men of fidelity and integrity get together and discuss the problems for the benefit of all concerned—not forgetting the American people. Professor Perlman might as well remember once for all that arrogant force, the misue of force, never gets a fellow anywhere—neither do threats of force; and this statement is amply demonstrated in the progressive business and labor history of our country.

EDWARD G. RIGGS.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

IT is sad, and sometimes a fatal condition, when party leaders are distinguished by their hind-sight. However, there is at least courage in Senator Calder's acknowledgment of the fact that the holocaust through which the Republican Party passed in November was largely due to the repeal of the Direct Primary in New York State by Governor Miller, for it was the Governor's opposition to the Direct Primary that lead to that fatal act.

For two years THE FORUM has tried to point out to the political leaders of the East that in this matter of the Direct Primaries they have been absolutely out of touch with the thought of the people. When the law was repealed we stated then that it would cost the Republican Party in New York State several hundred thousand votes, to which this answer was made by one distinguished Republican statesman:

"What can you expect a literary guy to know about politics?"

Unfortunately the attitude of Republican politicians in New York City and other eastern states is but one of many evidences of their misunderstanding of the political temper of the day. The attitude on the Direct Primary arose from the general disbelief in democracy and a curious expectancy that by giving the people less part in their government the character of the government will improve. The benign condescension with which the Bourbon and Tory statesmen discuss reducing the peoples' power for their benefit is one of the amazing signs of our times. They have no solution of the ills of the day except that if people less representative of the masses were in power it would be easier to pass laws for the benefit of the masses.

It would be idle to contend with logic such as this. We all know of the character of the statesmen who were produced under the old system and while there were some giants intellectually, the system was one that carried with it its own condemnation and if it were not that this is a democratic country and the people are willing to tolerantly shoulder the blame for the evils of their own government, the government itself might be

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overturned in the destruction of the system. Fortunately in this country revolutions will always be, we believe, of a peaceful nature. And so the old system was peaceably destroyed and while the new system is producing no intellectual giants the proponents of the old system can hardly claim that the remaining Tories are showing either great intellectual quality or even originality.

* * *

More unfortunate than most of the evidences of perversity on the part of Republican leaders is the attitude assumed by the Republican State Chairman of New York in his answer to the nine Republican Congressmen who wrote and asked for the calling of a conference that an endeavor might be made to put the Republican Party of the State of New York in touch with the thought of the rest of the country.

Congressmen Mott and Fish in their program for discussion suggested of course, as would be expected from men of their intelligence, that the party atone for its errors of the last two years by taking up the popular side of the Direct Nominations question. Mr. Morris, Republican State Chairman, replied to this very proper and intelligent request by wishing the signers of the letter "A Merry Christmas"—a polite form of telling them to go to blazes.

To this insult he added another, in an interview with the press, when he stated:

"The Republican Party does not intend to adopt the platform of Al. Smith."

In other words, if Mr. Al. Smith or any other Democrat happens to be right, it is the duty of the Republican party to be just as wrong as possible, as a matter of party expediency. The stupidity of this attitude is so obvious that comment is unnecessary. It marks, however, the seriousness of the situation, which would indicate, despite the fact that the party in the State of New York has been wrecked, the leaders have learned nothing and are perfectly ready to go ahead and see their party go down to defeat in 1924 without making a single effort to save it. It is absolutely in keeping with the suggestion that Governor Miller who has so successfully ruined the Republican party in the State of New York should be put on the bench of

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the Supreme Court of the United States possibly with the hope that he may succeed in wrecking that stable and venerable institution.

* * *

One hears a good deal in New York about the fact that the balance of power in the Republican party is shifting from the East to the West and into the hands of radicals. Is it any wonder? Usually it is assumed that the defeat of a political party has a chastened effect, that it purges the organization of mistaken ideas and unhealthy leadership. Apparently however in the East the scorching defeat of November has only had the effect of stratifying the gelatinous headpieces of the Tory leaders who previous to the election believed that the masses of the people were against them but who now are able to prove by means of the election returns the glorious fact that they were right and that there is no longer any question but that the mass of the voters are against them.

* * *

On election night we sat in the company of a distinguished United States Senator for whom we have unbounded admiration and a positive affection.

For a year he had listened with an amused smile to our pleading that he change his course and beware of the rapids below. As colleague after colleague of the distinguished Senator went over the rapids on election night our friend the Senator firmly grasped the tape that clicked in the doleful news and bitterly exclaimed, "Who would have thought it?"

The humor of the situation never seemed to dawn on him that practically in every section of the country hundreds of thousands of American citizens, men and women without any influence except that which comes from having a single vote had all "thought of it," and that apparently the only body of men in the entire United States who had not grasped the situation and understood the public temper were the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and the so-called "leaders of the party," which leads us to observe that if there is one place in this country that a man should not expect to find accurate political information it is in the city of Washington, D. C.

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